

VOL. XII.
No. LXX.

NEW SERIES.
No. IV.

THE MONTH.

APRIL, 1870.



LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

BURNS, OATES, AND CO.

DUBLIN: W. H. SMITH AND SON; W. B. KELLY; J. DUFFY.

BRUSSELS: V. DEVAUX. PARIS: A. XAVIER. BALTIMORE: KELLY AND PIET.

Price One Shilling.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

Now Ready, Handsomely Bound in Red Cloth, price 8s.

VOL. XI.—JULY TO DECEMBER, 1869,

OF

THE MONTH.

(Concluding the First Series.)

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:

DIFFICULTIES OF THE THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION. (Three Articles).
JAPANESE SKETCHES. (Three Articles).
THE PORTRAIT IN MY UNCLE'S DINING-ROOM. Chapters I. to XII.
ORIGEN AGAINST CELSUS. (Two Articles).
THE DIALOGUES OF LYDNEY. Chapters I. to VI.
THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER. Parts I., II.
THE PROSPECTS OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION.
LIBERAL CATHOLICISM.
THE PRIMARY EDUCATION OF THE POOR.
LIBERALS AND ILLIBERALS.
FACTS AS TO FOREIGN EDUCATION.
THE POPE AND THE COUNCIL.
ROME BENEATH THE GROUND.
FATHER FABER AS A WRITER.
THE SCHOOL AND SCHOLARS OF LERINS.
MODERN ETHICS.
THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM.
ST. LOUIS AND THE PRAGMATIC SANCTION.
A TRIP TO THE BASS ROCK.
SIXTUS THE FIFTH.
THE PROPAGATION AND PREVENTION OF EPIDEMICS.
THE SPANIARDS IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.
THE RISE OF A NEW SANCTUARY.
TRACTARIANISM AND ITS SUCCESSORS.
FRENCH LATINISTS UNDER LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.
MADAME DE MIRAMION.
THE CONSALVI CONTROVERSY.

And a Large Number of Miscellaneous Reviews.

J. GOSNELL and Co.'s **CHERRY TOOTH PASTE** is greatly superior to any
Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and
imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

A **AGUA AMARELLA** restores the Human Hair to its pristine hue, no matter at
what age.

Messrs. John Gosnell, and Co., have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent
Chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more
concentrated form, and at a lower price.

Sold in Bottles, 3s. each, also, 5s., 7s. 6d., or 15s. each, with brush. Red Bull Wharf, Angel
Passage, 93, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

A

mi
la
ar
gr
linni
w
lin

rie

be
of
frla
lintr
(a

de

sh

X
to
many
and
e
ce

at

ent
ore

gel

At

W
niple,
dalm
and s
with
linen

Re
niple,
with
linen
Vio
Gre
WH
Bl
WH
Re
Go
rich fi
Bl
Bl
broide
of cro
fringe
Gre
lace t
lining
Re
trimm
(imita
Vio
design
Bl
shape,
Ric
Media
broide
merino
Wh
flower
Gol
embos

Bu

VESTMENTS

NOW ON SALE

At Messrs. Burns, Oates, and Co.'s Establishment.

High Mass Set.

	£	s.	d.
White damask chasuble, stole, maniple, chalice veil, and burse; two dalmatics, stole, and maniples, cope and stole, all Roman shape, trimmed with imitation gold lace, lined with linen	30	0	0

Low Mass Sets.

Red damask chasubles, stole, maniple, chalice veil, and burse, trimmed with yellow silk lace, and lined with linen	3	15	0
Violet damask, do. do. do. ...	3	15	0
Green damask, do. do. do. ...	3	15	0
White damask, do. do. do. ...	3	15	0
Black damask, do. do. do. ...	3	15	0
White silk chasuble, &c. ...	3	0	0
Red silk do. ...	4	10	0
Gold moiré (imitation) chasuble, &c., rich flowered cross, silk laces ...	5	5	0
Black chasuble, &c., white silk laces ...	3	9	0
Black velvet set, chasuble, &c., embroidered monogram IHS in the centre of cross, trimmed with silver laces and fringes ...	3	10	0
Green Mediaeval chasuble, &c., silk lace trimmings, Latin cross, merino lining ...	2	12	6
Red silk chasuble, &c., flowered cross, trimmed with gold laces and fringes (imitation) ...	3	10	0
Violet silk chasuble, &c., Mediaeval design on ground, silk laces ...	3	9	0
Black silk chasuble, &c., Roman shape, yellow silk laces ...	2	15	0
Rich white and gold silk chasuble, Mediaeval shape, red velvet cross, embroidered monogram IHS in centre, merino lining ...	11	10	0
White moiré silk chasuble, &c., rich flowered cross, silk laces ...	6	0	0
Gold moiré (imitation) chasuble, rich embossed flowers on cross, silk lining ...	7	7	0

Copes.

	£	s.	d.
Red damask cope, rich red and gold silk orphreys and hood, red merino lining ...	7	7	0
Gold (imitation) cope, rich gold and silk hood and orphreys, red linen lining ...	7	0	0
White damask cope, rich flowered hood and orphreys ...	6	10	0

Stoles.

White silk stole, red silk lining fleur-de-lis crosses ...	0	17	6
Crimson silk stole, rich fringes ...	1	5	0
Rich white and gold silk stole ...	1	10	0
White satin stole, red braiding ...	3	4	6
Rich flowered stole, for preaching ...	1	10	0
Purple and white satin confessional stole ...	0	19	0
Violet stole, rich fringes ...	1	0	0
Gold and violet silk stole ...	0	18	0
Black silk stole, black velvet crosses ...	1	1	0
White silk stole ...	0	14	6

* * MESSRS. BURNS, OATES, & Co. beg to draw attention to the following materials for vestments :—

Crosses, Pillars, &c.

White and gold cross and pillar, of Mediaeval design ...	1	3	0
Red satin pillars, gold pattern, Mediaeval design, each ...	0	7	0

Cope Hoods and Orphreys.

Gold (imitation) hood and orphreys, rich silk flowered pattern ...	1	12	0
Centre of hood, Agnus Dei, fine gold colours, on white satin ...	0	12	6
Do. monogram IHS in fine gold, and colours ...	0	12	6
Rich cope hood and orphreys of gold (imitation) Mediaeval design ...	1	12	0

Burns & Oates, 17 & 18, Portman St., and 63, Paternoster Row.

WORKS BY FATHERS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

Now ready, Volume I.

SERMONS BY FATHERS OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS.

PART I.

THE LATTER DAYS.

Four Sermons by REV. H. J. COLERIDGE.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF OUR LORD.

Four Sermons by REV. F. HATHAWAY.

PART II.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

Five Lectures on the Remedies against Desolation.

BY REV. PETER GALLWEY.

MYSTERIES OF THE HOLY
INFANCY.

Three Sermons BY REV. T. B. PARKINSON.

PART III.

THE HOLY INFANCY.

(Continued.)

One Sermon by REV. T. B. PARKINSON.

One Sermon by REV. H. J. COLERIDGE.

Two Sermons by REV. THOMAS HARPER.

*Cases for the Three Parts, forming Volume I.,
price 1s.*

London: Burns and Oates, Portman Street,
and Paternoster Row.

REV. HENRY J. COLERIDGE.

Now Ready,

Cloth, 7s. 6d.; calf, limp, 10s. 6d.

VITA VITÆ NOSTRÆ
MEDITANTIBUS PROPOSITA.

London:

BURNS, OATES, and Co., 17, Portman Street,
Portman Square, W.

REV. GEORGE TICKELL.

Now ready, price 7s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF BLESSED
MARGARET MARY.

*With some account of the Devotion to the
Sacred Heart.*

London: Burns and Oates, Portman Street,
Portman Square.

FATHER JOHN BAPTIST SACRAMELLI

THE DIRECTORIUM ASCE-
TICUM; or, Guide to the Spiritual Life.

*Translated from the Italian, and edited at St.
Beuno's College, North Wales.*

With Preface by His Grace the Archbishop of
Westminster.

Dublin: WILLIAM B. KELLY, 8, Grafton Street.

REV. PAUL BOTTALLA,

Professor of Theology in the College of St.
Beuno, North Wales.

THE POPE AND THE CHURCH,
Considered in their Mutual Relations, with
reference to the Errors of the High Church Party
in England.

PART I.

THE SUPREME AUTHORITY
OF THE POPE.

Ready Shortly,

PART II.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE

London: BURNS, OATES, and Co., 17,
Portman Street.

REV. PAUL BOTTALLA.

Now ready, price 2s. 6d.,

THE PAPACY AND SCHISM,
STRICTURES

ON

Mr. Ffoulkes' Letter to Archbishop Manning.

Burns and Oates, 17 and 18, Portman Street.

M. F. DENT,

Watch, Clock, and Chronometer Maker to the Queen,

33 & 34, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

DENT'S CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, and CLOCKS have long held pre-eminent rank, as may be seen from the following Reports:—

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, Inventor of the Armstrong Gun, says :—

9, Hyde Park Street, W., 14th November, 1861.

The Chronometer Watch you made for me in December, 1859, has never been affected by travelling or riding ; its variation at the end of a year was only forty-five seconds. It has proved in every respect a most satisfactory Watch.

To M. F. DENT,

W. G. ARMSTRONG.

33, COCKSPUR STREET.

THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL, Greenwich Observatory, reporting in 1829 on the celebrated trial, when nearly 500 Chronometers were tested, says :

Your Chronometer, No. 114, is entitled to the First Premium. Actual variation in the year 0.54 hundredths of a second. This is superior to any other yet tried.

Mr. DENT.

J. POND, Astronomer Royal.

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL ASTRONOMER, M. STRUVE, of St. Petersburg, reporting upon eighty-one Chronometers tested by the Russian Chronometrical Expedition, says :—

The DENT CHRONOMETERS have held FIRST RANK in a brilliant manner. They contributed, beyond dispute, THE MOST EFFECTUALLY to the exactitude of the result.

M. STRUVE.

“ By Command of the Emperor, the Russian Gold Medal of the Highest Order of Merit was presented to Mr. DENT.

G. B. AIRY, ESQ., Astronomer Royal, in testimony of the excellence of DENT's Turret Clocks, says :—

Royal Observatory, Greenwich, 22nd July, 1845.

I believe the Clock which you have constructed for the Royal Exchange to be THE BEST IN THE WORLD as regards accuracy of going and of striking.

Mr. DENT,

G. B. AIRY.

33, COCKSPUR STREET, Charing Cross.

Council and Prize Medals awarded by the Royal Commissioners of International Exhibitions 1851 and 1862.

33 & 34, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross,
LONDON.

THE IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD:

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

CONDUCTED BY A SOCIETY OF CLERGYMEN,

UNDER EPISCOPAL SANCTION.

No. LXVI., Vol. VI.—MARCH, 1870.

CONTENTS.

- I. TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN—Continued.
- II. LETTERS OF BALMEZ.—V. THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS.
- III. HYMN TO ST. MAC-CARTEN.
- IV. QUESTIONS REGARDING THE JUBILEE.—VIII. THE JUBILEE FAST.
- V. DOCUMENTS.—1. LETTER OF THE HOLY FATHER TO THE SUPERIOR OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS, DUBLIN. 2. THE POPE AND THE ROSARY.
- VI. NOTICE OF BOOK.—MANUALE SACRARUM CAEREMONIARUM IN LIBROS OCTO DIGESTUM A' PIO MARTINUCCI APOSTOLICARUM CAEREMONIARUM MAGISTRO ROMAE, 1869.
- VII. THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

Imprimatur,

✠ PAULUS CARDINALIS CULLEN,
Archiepiscopus Dublinensis.

DUBLIN: WILLIAM B. KELLY, 8, GRAFTON STREET.
LONDON: BURNS AND OATES, 17, PORTMAN STREET, W.
NEW YORK, U.S.: P. M. HAVERTY, 1, BARCLAY STREET,

Per Annum, Six Shillings; by Post, Seven Shillings, payable in
Advance. Single Copy, Eightpence; by Post, Ninepence.

JOHN HARDMAN AND COMPANY

BIRMINGHAM,

Medieval Metal-Workers in Silver, Brass, & Wrought Iron,

MAKERS OF MEMORIAL BRASSES & COFFIN FURNITURE,

ARTISTS IN STAINED GLASS,

Ecclesiastical Decorators, Carvers in Wood and Stone,

MEDALLISTS & LITHOGRAPHERS.

JOHN HARDMAN & Co. beg to draw attention to the WROUGHT IRON CHANCEL SCREENS they have erected in the Churches at Stone, Rugeley, and Rugby, which, while separating the Sanctuary from the Body of the Church, do not impede the view of the Altar; to the ROODS in CARVED WOOD, either suspended from the Chancel Arch, as at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, and Great Harwood, Lancashire, or supported by the Screen, as at Rugby; to their MEDALS made to special design, in Silver, Bronze, Brass, and Tin; and to their MORTUARY PAPERS, which bear special reference to the deceased.

J. H. & Co. are also Workers in the Medieval Style of Furniture and Articles for Domestic use.

LONDON AGENTS—

BURNS, OATES, & Co., 17, PORTMAN STREET, W.

Just out, price 6d.

THE HOLY HOUR; or the Intimate Union of the Soul with Jesus in His Agony in the Garden. Translated from the Italian. With Preface by the VERY REV. A. WELD.

London: Burns and Oates, Portman Street.

Just out, price 8d.

OF THE LOVE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

(From the French of Père Nepveu.)

The Translation Edited by the Rev. HENRY J. COLERIDGE.

London: Burns, Oates, & Co., Portman St.

Price 4d. Eighth and Stereotyped Edition.

AN HOUR BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT;

OR,

With my Crucifix.

A Prayer, translated from the French by M. C., with a Preface and Appendix by

FATHER GALLWEY, S.J.

London: St. Joseph's Library, 50, South St., Grosvenor Square; Burns, Oates, and Co., 17, Portman St., Portman Square, Dublin: Kelly.

THE NEW VADE MECUM,

Invented and Manufactured by

CHARLES H. VINCENT, 32, WINDSOR STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Consists of a Telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent Microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price.

Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d.

It astonishes and delights every person and nobody should be without one. Address as above.

THE MONTH: A Magazine and

Review.—The MONTH has been in circulation since July, 1864. It contains articles on Literature, Art, Science, Philosophy, History, and Theology, Reviews of Books, Original Fiction and Poetry.

It is published on the first of every month, price 1s. Half-yearly volume, bound in cloth, 8s.; gilt edges, 9s.

Offices: 50, South Street, Grosvenor Square, W. Publishers: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers'-Hall Court; Burns, Oates, and Co., Portman Street.

THE LITURGICAL YEAR.

	£	s.	d.
ADVENT	0	6	0
CHRISTMAS (Vol. I.)	0	6	0
CHRISTMAS (Vol. II.)	0	6	0
SEPTUAGESIMA	0	5	0
LENT	0	6	0
PASSIONTIDE and HOLY WEEK	0	6	0

Each Volume may be bought separately.

J. DUFFY, DUBLIN.

A PROSPECTUS of sixteen pages, explaining the nature of this important work will be forwarded, post free, on application to the Rev. L. Shepherd, Stanbrook Worcester.

Preparatory School, for the Sons of Gentlemen, in the Neighbourhood of London.

ST. STANISLAUS,
43A, HAMPSTEAD HILL GARDENS.

MISS FLON,

A native of England, an old Catholic, of French parentage, educated at the Convent de l'Intérieur de Marie, at Montrouge, Paris, possessing her diploma from the Hotel de Ville, and for several years engaged in tuition in England, receives and Educates a few Little Boys, whom she instructs in English, Latin, French, and Music, and prepares for the lower forms of the Catholic public schools in England.

TERMS (which are inclusive) SEVENTY GUINEAS A YEAR.

Miss FLON is permitted to refer to—

The Lady Superior of the Convent de l'Intérieur de Marie, Montrouge, Paris.
(The Director of the Convent during Miss FLON's pupilage was Monseigneur FOULON, Archbishop of Nancy.)

The Very Rev. Monsignor Eyre	St. Mary's, Hampstead.
The Hon. Mrs. Stonor	78, South Audley Street.
Dr. H. Gueneau de Mussy	4, Cavendish Place.
Dr. Tebay	37, Belgrave Road.
Dr. West	61, Wimpole Street.

Holidays at Midsummer, Christmas, and Easter.

The year is divided into Three Terms, each of which is payable in advance.

THE MONTH.

APRIL, 1870.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
AUGUSTE COMTE AND HIS PHILOSOPHY. <i>By Joseph Rickaby,</i> <i>M.A. Part the Second.</i>	385
THE RELICS OF OUR LORD'S PASSION AT SANTA CROCE. <i>By</i> <i>the Very Rev. Monsignor Virtue</i>	399
A LAST COMMUNION IN THE CONCIERGERIE. <i>By E. Bowles</i>	409
THE NEW "CHURCH BODY:" ITS PROSPECTS AND ITS DOOM. <i>By the Rev. W. G. Todd, D.D.</i>	421
THE TUTORIAL SYSTEM AT ETON. <i>By John Walford, M.A.</i>	443
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE	455
THE DIALOGUES OF LYDNEY	457
Chapter XVI.—An Evening of Stories.	
" XVII.—A Letter about Ober-Ammergau.	
" XVIII.—Mr. Lillicote's own Story: Wafted Seeds. Chap. I. —Mr. Wilton at Home.	
A PARLIAMENTARY PAPER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. <i>By the Rev. J. Morris</i>	478
MR. TENNYSON AND THE "MORTE D'ARTHUR"	487
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	494
1. Her Majesty's Tower. <i>By Mr. H. Dixon.</i> —2. Mr. H. R. Luard's <i>Annales Monastici.</i> —3. Dr. Rönisch on the <i>Itala</i> and <i>Vulgata.</i> —4. The Life of St. Teresa.—5. The Liturgical Year. —6. Hester's History.—7. Lectures on the Œcumenical Council. <i>By Father Sweeney.</i> —8. Mr. Thompson's Life of St. Stanislas Kostka.—9. Father St. Jure's Treatise on the Knowledge and Love of our Lord Jesus Christ.—10. Biblio- theque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus.	
BIBLIOTHECA CLASSICA. <i>By Joseph Rickaby, M.A.</i> . . .	508

NOTICE.

The Subscription Copies hitherto issued from the Office in South Street, will in future be sent and delivered by Messrs. Burns and Oates (as noted below), to whom all communications regarding them should be addressed.

All Books and Publications intended for review in the MONTH should be sent to the Editor, at 50, South Street, Grosvenor Square, W., or at Messrs. Burns, Oates, and Co., 17, Portman Street, W., or 63, Paternoster Row, E.C. It is requested that Letters and Manuscripts may be sent to 50, South Street.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications.

Subscribers in any part of Great Britain or Ireland are informed that they may receive the MONTH, post-free, on the day of publication, by sending their names to Messrs. Burns and Oates (as above) at the rate of 7s. the half-year, or 6s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Advertisements to be sent to the Office, 50, South Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

LONDON:

OFFICE—50, SOUTH STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

SIMPSON, MARSHALL, & CO., Stationers'-Hall Court.
BURNS, OATES, & CO., 17, Portman Street.

DUBLIN:

W. H. SMITH & SON; W. B. KELLY; J. DUFFY.

DE DIVINITATE
D. N. JESU CHRISTI.

ADVERSUS HUIUS ÆTATIS
INCREDULOS, RATIONALISTAS, & MYTHICOS.

AUCTORE
JOANNE PERRONE, S.J.,
In Coll. Rom. Studiorum Prefecto.

3 vols. in-8o. 15 francs (Frais de port en sus).

Ouvrage dédié à sa Sainteté le Pape Pie IX. et orné de son portrait.

IMPRIMERIE ET LIBRAIRIE ECCLESIASTIQUE.
HYACINTHE MARIETTI, TURIN, PLACE SAINT-CHARLES, 10.

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM

EX DECRETO
SS. CONCILII TRIDENTINI RESTITUTUM.

S. Pii V. Pontificis Maximi Jussu Editum.

CLEMENTIS VIII. ET URBANI VIII. AUCTORITATE RECOGNITUM.

Cum omnibus officiis quæ hucusque vel de præcepto ad universam ecclesiam extensa vel quamplurimis locis indulta sunt.

Un beau vol. gr. in-8o de 1440 pag. Edition rouge et noir.
Orné d'une magnifique Gravure représentant Jésus au Jardin des Oliviers. Dessin de C. Dolci, gravé par Lauro.

Prix 24 francs broché. Frais de port en sus.

Auguste Comte and his Philosophy.

PART THE SECOND.

AT the risk of preaching a sermon, we have combated M. Comte's notion that the world's passage from Fetichism and Polytheism to Christianity was a losing move for theology. We pass to another of the same author's utterances which we promised to examine. Do theology and metaphysics stand in the relation of sun and moon, the one a reflection of the other's native splendours, or are they as day and night, mutually supplantive? M. Comte views them in the latter aspect, a view from which, with certain explanations, we beg to dissent. These explanations regard the sense in which the word metaphysics is to be understood. If it is taken as synonymous with the pantheism of Schelling and Hegel, or with the sensationalism of Condillac, or the nominalism of Hobbes, or with the extravagant form of realism which William of Champeaux has the credit of having maintained in the middle ages, in that case we wish M. Comte joy of his opinion—we, at any rate, have no mind to disturb him in its possession. We do believe that philosophy, studied without regard for the known revelation of the Holy Spirit, is not unlikely to betray its votaries into an implicit denial of the Divinity which is typified in created things. We can conceive a thinker, totally unacquainted with revealed truth, approaching astonishingly near to its conclusions by the sole exercise of his reason. Of this manner of approach Plato affords a brilliant example. But when one wilfully sets faith aside, in order that reason alone may waft him to his destination, he is not unlikely to suffer a disastrous shipwreck. Here may we behold the explanation of the paradox, that metaphysics before the coming of Christ often led to an approximation towards the Gospel, while since the men-

tioned era they have too often led away from that surest of certainties. Pagans were sincere and impartial in their researches, while Christians have been biassed and double-dealing. The investigation of the highest laws of being requires to be undertaken in a spirit of sincerity and lowly willingness to believe whatever shows itself to be true, not with some prejudged opinions, which their owner is determined to establish, come what will, in order that future ages may remember him by the idiosyncrasy of his tenets. To metaphysicians of this class there seems no readier road to immortality than that of embracing conclusions which overthrow or imperil the dominant religion; and, just as Pausanias sought an undying renown in the murder of Philip of Macedon, so do these intellectual butterflies seek to perpetuate their gaudy hues by dying them in the life-blood of Christ's Church. These are the dangerous philosophers, because their end is not truth but self-glorification. These are the foes of God and of theology, because they are eaten away with vanity and cankered with the rust of prejudice. These are the framers of "systems" and overlookers of proof. They have played with sharp-edged toys and cut their own and others' fingers. For it is not with philosophy as with chemistry or medicine. A man may wholly misconceive the nature of combination by weight, or the symptoms of an intermittent fever, yet he will not at least jeopardise his soul in consequence. But let him go seriously astray in a matter of philosophical principle, and it is only his blindness and inconsistency that can save his faith. There is danger, then, in the study of metaphysics, but no danger, we maintain, in the successful results of that study. It may be ruinous to go to the work with pride as helpmate, but safety attends on submission to God and avowal of the weakness of human reason. Hence, when M. Comte affirms that metaphysics have operated unfavourably upon theology, our answer is plain. That one science has proved anything against the other is a position which we utterly deny, and challenge him or his adherents to establish; that impure minds drawing nigh to philosophy have engendered irreligion, is a fact which we cannot gainsay.

The possibility of reconciling the highest exercise of the understanding with a profound appreciation and reverence for Christian mysteries, is placed beyond a doubt by that tree of scholasticism which still sends forth its suckers in the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts. The fruit of this tree should be tasted before being pronounced rotten. Its rind may be tough, but its substance is "for the healing of the nations."

Responsive at last to our reader's long-pressed inquiry, we offer to tell him what Positivism is. The Positivist stage of thought may be characterised as that in which phenomena are studied irrespective of their causes. This description would hardly have pleased M. Comte, and to British thinkers who have fallen in more or less with the Frenchman's views, it is likely to be a still more unsavoury morsel. Identifying cause with "invariable and unconditional antecedent," or with that set of circumstances which need only be realised for the effect to follow, no extra condition being essential to the sequence except the simple absence of counteraction; with this definition on their lips, they scout the idea of abandoning the search after causes. And undoubtedly they do investigate that invariable and unconditional succession which amounts in their eyes to causation. But causation implies the action of the cause upon the object which experiences the effect; and that action they utterly discard. Thus, suppose we had two elements of matter, A and B, free from any disturbing force, both attractive, and with a finite distance between them; then A and B would rush into one another's embrace. This to a Positivist is the ultimate analysis of the phenomenon; he will not say that each element is an active power drawing the other; all he professes to know is, "set the two free and union ensues." The notion of energy put forth by either, he regards as a puerile extension of our own feelings to objects outside.

Some of our readers may find it so difficult to catch this key-note of Positivism, that others with quicker ears will pardon our striking it again. Given A, B, C, with results *a*, *b*, *c*, according to the different combinations in which they are placed. Then M. Comte knows nothing of

A as A, nothing of B as B, nothing of C as C; he is aware that $A + B$ give a , $B + C$ give b , $C + A$ give c ; and there, if other combinations are impossible, his knowledge ends. He can gather no idea of what A, B, C, are in themselves from seeing them in conjunction. We who are not Positivists believe that we can gather the nature of A, B, C in themselves, from witnessing their effects when conjoined; that we can climb up from the relative to the absolute. When we see motion, we argue moving power and capability of being moved; and as the origin of thought, we assign a thinking faculty. We agree with Shakespeare's Lear that "nothing will come of nothing;" that a *φανόμενον* is impossible without a *φαῖνον*. Our opponents fight shy of this seemingly obvious inference; they can tell the twenty results of A in twenty different combinations; but they refuse to own what A in itself is—to wit, not exactly the actual cooperator, but the thing able to cooperate in those results whenever it gets the chance. They declare Being to be unsearchable, unknowable, and stop their ears to our straightforward statement that Being is Power, though not essentially Power in action. Relativities they know; but of absolutes, they ask, "Who are ye?" as if relation depended not on the nature of the things related. Relation is the light in which we see absolute objects: they only see the light, and are blind to the objects that reflect it.

Any obscurity that may still hang over the fundamental tenet of Positivism despite our laborious explanation, will perhaps be dissipated by considering the Positivist view of the several abstract sciences. Arithmetic and geometry treat of the relation of number to number, space to space, time to time, without any attempt to investigate what unity, space, and time are in themselves. An arithmetician therefore, or a geometrician, as such, is a Positivist; nor can he be otherwise, if he is to be nothing more than an arithmetician or geometrician, since his science reckons or measures without analysing the material. At the same time we submit that if he is nothing more than a reckoner or measurer, he is not a man. Again, for physical inquiries, whether in the way of mechanics, astronomy, chemistry,

or physiology, it is quite sufficient to define force as *tendency to motion*, without prying into the intrinsic nature of matter—that may be left to the metaphysician. So the Positive physicist does leave it, or rather, he goes a step further, and writes up a *ne plus ultra* on the limits of his own science.

There is something in the first impulse of our bluff English nature so opposed to intellectual cobweb-spinning, that we fear our readers will like M. Comte the better for the embargo which he lays on metaphysics. Let them try therefore how they relish the application of his maxims to social science. Those maxims forbid us to take thought of the essential being of man, his whence or his wherefore; humanity, they tell us, is but behaviour and tendency to behaviour, as mechanism is motion and tendency to motion. To examine what it is that behaves or tends to behave, were as futile a quest as to inquire what it is that moves or tends to move. *How* is the Comtist interrogative, to the exclusion of *what, whence, and why*. How then does man tend to demean himself? Man is sympathetic and selfish; he thinks and he feels. Feeling and selfishness urge him to his own gratification; thought and sympathy to consult the welfare of others. Effecting a compromise between these opposite elements, we subject thought to feeling, and selfishness to sympathy—that is to say, intellectual efforts are made to minister to comfort; and individual enjoyment is sacrificed to that of the public; so that the grand aim of existence is to secure the highest attainable comfort for society at large. If we ask M. Comte how he justifies this monstrous prostitution of the high-born energies of our race, he answers that such is the goal which the world is sighting; he accepts the fact, which is just because it is irresistible. There is no more striking feature in the *Cours de Philosophie Positive* than the deep conviction it breathes, of how the days are fast approaching when mankind shall be content to trace phenomenal uniformities, careless of active causes or of supernatural authorship; when deed shall be right and progress amelioration, when *ought* and *must* shall subside into an incontrovertible and inexplicable *is*. We read this

announcement with bated breath, and in our innermost heart we tremble lest it be true. There rushes back upon us the Gospel prediction, "When the Son of Man cometh, think ye that He shall find faith upon the earth?" And what is He to find enthroned in her stead? what more likely than Positivism, the most consistent of her foes, because the most hopelessly neglectful of the supernatural. Admitting, however, that tenets similar to those of Auguste Comte may well-nigh replace the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we impugn the justice of the replacement, we dissent from the maxim "whatever is, is right."

Fancy some stalwart man in his thirtieth year; his hair is yet black, and his eye undimmed, his muscles are firm, and his blood runs hot; but a prophet, wise in his generation, comes up to this blooming flower, and tells him, "Forty years more and thou shalt be withered and fallen, the light shall have been quenched in thy eye, and the sinews shrunk on thy arm; they shall carry thee out feet foremost, and lay thee alone in thy grave; yet shall thy body, all rotting underground, be healthier, fairer, and fresher, than it is now in the heyday of thy prime, since length of years can but bring universal increase of good." The first part of this prophecy he were a bold man to deny; but where could he find it in his heart to believe that corruption is more beautiful than wholeness, the mouldering corpse stronger than the riveted framework of life? Could his notion of progress stretch to that length of absurdity? Equally absurd, it seems to us, is M. Comte's prediction of the world's future. Mankind are looming into infidelity; there in its godless mazes shall they progress and progress still: faith is behind the age, the companion of backwardness, the perquisite of laggards. Granted; yet what else is life but backwardness, or a living man but a laggard? Then again M. Comte numbers among mankind only those that can be seen, and touched, and spoken with on this earth; his appeal lies to their packed assemblage. We are quite willing to accept the decision of the majority of our brethren, provided the dead have a vote as well as the present generation. If a man holds Positivist opinions for half a century, to fling them

with horror from him for ever after, the general voice of his existence hardly speaks in favour of Positivism. But our author sees not the faces of the departed turned towards those whom they have left behind.

We see then no proof of the correctness of Comte's course in the fact of his sailing with the stream of modern thought. We are finally to examine whether the point for which he steers be not utter scepticism and profound abasement of humanity. One imagines him snapping at the last words, and glorying in the imputation they convey. Yes, before his time men did bend external reality into the shape of their own minds; he moulded belief into strict conformity with observed fact, he submitted intuition to the crucible of experience. Our author's oft reiterated assertion of man's subordination to the universe is not without its value; it shows that the germ of true religion lay at the heart even of the Positive prophet, understanding religion, according to our previous definition, to be reverence paid to superhuman being. As an indication of another such undeveloped germ, we might instance his successor's intense awe of the unspanned and unfathomable.* But highly as we prize M. Comte's testimony that there is an object above man, we think we can force him to eat his own words, and own that his principle of phenomenalism jeopardises all objective existence whatever. We will proceed by an example, commonplace as those used by Socrates. I take out my watch and hear it tick. I replace it where its ticking no longer affects my ear. Yet I trust the watch is ticking in the dumb depths of my pocket: in other words, I am confident that the air in my pocket is undergoing undulations which, propagated to my auditory nerve, would bring the sound, *tick, tick*. The ground of this confidence is my belief that the watch-spring is uncoiling, and I believe that the uncoiling watch-spring can uncoil. Here I am at a knowledge of the watch-spring in itself, namely, as a thing which can uncoil, and will under certain conditions. Knowing thus much of the thing in itself, I can have certainty about its action, beyond the evidence of my senses. I am assured

* M. Littré, *Préface d'un Disciple*, xliv., xlv.

that the watch ticks, even out of my hearing. Examples of this sort are too obvious not to have met the notice of Positivists. The ready rejoinder on their behalf is, that the ascertained uniformity of nature is quite sufficient warrant for believing that things go on in our absence just as they do under our ken; no need therefore of appealing to absolute being. Notwithstanding the great names in our country that support this explanation, it seems to us to be brought about by a leap in the dark. The leap lies between these two positions; on the one side there is repeated experience of a phenomenon taking place within the observation of man; on the other side stands an assumption that the same phenomenon occurs also when no man is observing. The gulf that lies between the experience and the assumption is shrouded in the thickest mist of unexplained mystery. To a Positivist who shrinks from committing himself to this darksome venture, the uniformity of nature means only that man meets with certain impressions uniformly in certain connections. If M. Comte is satisfied with this meaning, and we do not see whither else his principles permit him to recur, he has moulded, not humanity to the universe, but the universe to humanity; he has placed in man's hands the measuring-rod which is to mete out the limits of being. For on the admission that man only grasps appearances presented to his own apprehension, the word *is* falls dead from human lips, except it be an embryo form of *seems to me to be*. Nothing therefore is, except what seems so to some members of mankind; nothing is universally, because appearances multiply with individuals; nothing is lastingly, because individuals change with the moment; nothing is really, it does but really appear. At this rate an assembly of men may be likened to a set of sentient thermometers, each thermometer saying to itself, "I know nothing about the temperature, but here I stand at 32°." And if one thermometer, bolder than the rest, should proclaim that the mercury being level with the number 32 was an indication of freezing, a process quite independent of its registration on the scale, we might fancy the other instruments crying out in chorus that their fellow was a presumptuous

charlatan, framing assertions where knowledge was impossible. In like manner when we would pass from observed phenomena to things in themselves, *in' àvτὰ τὰ παύοντα*, M. Comte's principles bar the way; they allow us to mark the succession, they forbid us to suppose any intrinsic connection between the members of the series. The true notion of causation—to wit, the transference of the cause from a state of ability to act to a state of action—is set aside, and with it is set aside not only all possible proof of the existence of God or of the human soul—and God and the human soul are the two objects whose existence Positivism questions in theory to deny it in practice—not only are these, the noblest and truest of beings, ignored, but knowledge herself dwindles down to feeling. When the planet Neptune hove in sight of its delighted discoverer's eye, it was simply that a turn of his telescope had brought him a new sensation; he believed that any repetition would yield him, or another observer, a similar result; he believed that could he be projected upwards in the direction of the optic axis, he would finally encounter a huge mass of resistance, similar to what he knows as this earth. The discoverer—we forbear to mention his name—believed all this, and he was lucky enough to get others to believe it likewise. But was there really a planet, a veritable, corporeal planet, existing apart from its believers? If our knowledge is purely phenomenal, we cannot affirm that there was: a belief started up in men's minds, there is the phenomenon, and that is all. There are difficulties that beset this interpretation of the nature of truth, difficulties on the score of memory, of self-identity, of liability to mistake, but we forbear to press them here. He that has eyes can see subjective scepticism written on the forehead of the phantom which Positivists worship as truth. If truth that phantom be, what better are mankind than the inmates of a world-wide mad-house, comparing notes on their delusions, and clapping their hands in maniac glee when the same fitful vision agitates a number of their brains together?

M. Comte's philosophy in its ultimate issue is scepticism; what of his religion, the religion of humanity, wherein men

are to love their neighbour more than themselves, while they count their God for nothing? Our best answer is to sketch the life of some imaginary saint, formed not on the model of the Saint of Saints, nor according to the precepts of the Gospel, but to the image and likeness of man—perverse, unregenerate, Positivist man. Let *Humanus* be the name of our un-Christian hero. *Humanus*, then, is born, and if not exactly baptised, has a so-called "sacrament" administered to him at his entrance into life, which dedicates him to the service of his fellow-beings. His mind as it awakens is trained to the thought that mankind form one great whole, that his neighbour's weal is his weal, that to witness his neighbour's woe is to witness his own. "Be obedient," he is told, "to make your mother happy;" "live at peace with your brothers and sisters, they are your second selves;" "commit no excess in the indulgence of your appetites, else you will be less useful to society." He is taught to pray to the "Great Being," Mankind in General; and when weary of this, he may turn to departed philanthropists, or relations of his own. He asks them for nought, for the dead are no more, and the living "Mankind in General" is a personage hard of hearing; he simply pours out his heart before them, like a sick lover telling his sorrows to the moonbeam. Self-denial too is pressed upon his acceptance, and that to such an extent as to exclude all gratification which does not somehow further the interests of others. Other's well-being is to curtail his amusements and stint his fare; an hour's play when he might have been visiting the sick, an ounce of bread eaten by him which might have better served the beggar going by, are matters of sin against humanity. *Humanus* thrusts his neck into this tight, pricking collar, asking himself the whiles in an undertone the question, *cui bono?* "It is for the good of my fellows, which means my own; and so I do feel a pleasure in seeing the famished outcast appease his gnawing hunger, and marking the colour shade by shade return to the sick child's faded cheek; still that outcast will be hungry again, and that child will recover but to sicken and die more maturely; I can conceive how it might be better with them, better with

myself. Better, still better, ah, where is the best!" Humanus has the notion of an infinite good—he would not be Humanus if he had not—and appreciating this infinite, this absence of limit, he yearns after good without limit; but here the crushing weight of his religion falls upon him, that yearning is in vain, the infinite is not for him, though he realises and longs for it.

Aristotle has said somewhere, and we honour him for the saying, that nature has done nothing in vain. When a natural fact occurs, it does not do to dub it an excrescence, and vote that it be cut away to let a theory sit at ease; the fact is there in spite of us, and points to something which we are called on to explain. This is a canon of sound scientific research which Positivism oversteps. "I know nothing of which I have not experience," the Positivist declares; and on this unproved assumption he demands experience in cases where experience is essentially impossible—*e.g.*, as regards pure spiritual existence; and like Henry VIII. with St. Thomas à Becket, finding his demands not answered, he gives judgment against the defaulter, not indeed by denial, but by doubt that is tantamount to denial. So with regard to man's natural aspirations. It is agreed on all hands that the desires of the human heart are boundless. Christianity tells that throbbing desirer, "Wait, throw yourself not away on the baubles of a passing world, and soon your every craving shall be gratified with the genuine and the eternal." Positivism bids its restless votary, "Calm yourself, you seek for what you cannot have; lower your taste, and I will give you your fill." Which of the two systems suits humanity as it is, and which beats down facts before the face of theory?

To return to Humanus. Checked in his aspirations after the infinite, he finds a strong tide of passion carrying him to the enjoyment of finite goods. Deep ingrained in his mind as are the maxims that all men are one firm, and that partner's good is good to partner; seconded as this teaching from without is by the sympathies that warm up within him, yet selfishness too nestles there, and waxes terribly strong at times, especially

when the thought occurs that he with his wealth, talents, and graces of character, is offering humanity a sacrifice for which she scarcely repays him. Then again, humanity, it is but an abstraction. "This and that man whom I know, touch, and speak with, are so coarse, so ungrateful, so stone-like, and for the human race as a whole, I know it not, and can scarce find for it love, still less enthusiasm. Give me one friend, and I will die for him; I cannot live for a collection." In accents like these, the voice of the tempter self again and again makes itself heard in Humanus' mind. He is a saint, and therefore we hope he is impregnable to the temptation; but if he does stand firm, he will stand almost alone. It is a sight of grim grotesqueness to see the gossamer threads that Positivism spins round the strong limbs of passion. It is well-nigh nineteen centuries since the appearance of One confessedly "the goodliest Man of men since born," Who traced out a rule of conduct, and, as His followers believe, gave them supernatural aids to walk according to the same. Supernatural or not, these aids must have been real, because they were deemed to be so. The sanctions of His code were loyalty, gratitude, and reverence towards Himself as Creator, Saviour, and Judge. By creation and redemption He had a double claim to the whole being of every son of Adam, and by the prospect of everlasting punishment or reward to come, a means of intimidating into submission. True that the wishes of each one of us find a more immediate resting-place in our temporal destinies than in our lot for eternity, for time is a means to eternity, and it is natural that in the pursuit of an end the means for the occasion being should engross the main share of attention. At the same time, the end is ever looming in the background; and we would make bold to say that there are few believers in hell, who have not at times found that belief the mainstay of their virtue. With these sanctions, Christianity started on her trial. We will not say that she failed—the work of God cannot fail—but what millions have knowingly rejected her altogether, and what tens of millions have professed her only in name! Positivism is now to go forth on a similar errand, to reconstitute human

society. Her solitary sanction is that it would be a very nice, comfortable thing, if men would look after one another's temporal interest, so nice and comfortable indeed, that they are prepared to punish, when they have it, in their power, any one who grievously mars this comfort. Will this single thread hold in impetuous natures that broke loose from the triple-twisted cord of Christianity? Time will tell, and men of sense may foretell.

We supposed Humanus by a miracle of disinterestedness to have risen superior to all temptations on the side of self, and to have consumed his existence in a sacrifice, for which it is hard to discover a motive. Sickness and age have come up with him at last. During long nights of sleepless agony, he kisses not his crucifix, the emblem of a suffering Master, he thinks not of a Heaven, which he is purchasing on that bed of sorrow, he bows not under a Hand that strikes to heal him; he finds all his consolation in the thought that what he endures has been brought about by the uniform course of nature, and that his name will be left when his being is no more. Sweet thought! charming prospect! It is two thousand years since the dying Epicurus solaced himself with similar ideas; the remedy was in vogue among the philosophers of his time; the world knew it, found it insufficient, and gladly accepted Christianity in its stead. Is the clay of which we are formed so different from the earth of paganism, that where Pagans turned uneasy away, we are to rest satisfied and consoled? Great pity for ourselves if it were so, but it is not. Humanus' hour strikes; he closes his eyes to the world, and, as he believes, to existence. In lieu of the personal immortality, which his creed denies him, he is marked out by canonisation to live for ever in the eternal memory of man. Humanus, does that appease thy longings for a life beyond the tomb?

From this slight sketch it may appear that Positivism fits not man's nature as it is. To be a Positivist one must forego himself, not for some time only, as Christianity teaches, but for the whole time; he must forego not merely his baser parts, but the noblest and holiest threads of his being, his union with the infinite, his participation in

the undying; he must condemn his understanding to scepticism, and his affections to beastliness; in a word, he must be anything rather than man, the earth-walking angel, the image of the Godhead.

Auguste Comte has gone to his rest. But behind in his own country he has left a school of devoted followers; and he reckons his professed adherents even in our own land. Of open adhesion however he meets but little, compared with the partial honour that is paid him by thousands, who would scout being branded with the name of Positivist. Positivists however they are, if they accept Comte's phenomenalism; and Positivists all the more dangerous, because they refrain from shocking their would-be religious but thoughtless readers.

J. R.

The Relics of our Lord's Passion at Santa Croce.

Few things are more unaccountable and irrational than the indifference and incredulity shown by most Protestants with regard to Christian relics. We say Christian relics, because Pagan relics of all sorts are not only eagerly believed in, but even anxiously sought after. An old anecdote will serve to illustrate this odd frame of mind. Some years ago a clergyman of the Establishment was taken by some members of his family, who had become Catholics, to see the Mamertine Prisons. He was told that there the last hours of Rome's great Apostles were spent before their martyrdom. Stoical and unmoved, like an incredulous Briton, as he was, he was at no pains to conceal how little he cared for the information. But just afterwards one of the party happened to remark that Jugurtha was strangled there. Instantly, as by an electric spark, his interest was aroused, and palpitating with irrepressible emotion, no longer the unimpassioned stoic, but the sympathising and classical admirer, exclaimed: "Dear me, how *exceedingly* interesting!"

The title of this paper may perhaps remind some, of the vulgar old story that has raised so many laughs at us poor simpletons of benighted Papists, "that the pieces of the so-called true Cross would if collected suffice to build a ship." This and kindred stories are based on that foundation of ignorance and prejudice which we shall proceed to try to destroy. The Basilica of Santa Croce, or the Holy Cross, in Jerusalem, called likewise the Sessorian Basilica, was, we are told by St. Damasus in his Life of St. Sylvester, "built by Constantine in the Sessorian Palace, where he placed some of the wood of the true Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, which he enclosed in gold and jewels. He caused the Basilica to be dedicated, which even to our day is called Jerusalem, in which place he offered many gifts." The Sessorian Palace was the residence of St. Helen, the mother of Constantine. The Basilica was built most probably before her journey to the Holy Land, whither she went not long before her death, which took place when she was about eighty years old. According to Eusebius, Rufinus, and Sozomen, it was at about

the close of the Council of Nice in 325 that she discovered the Holy Cross.

We purpose first to give the particulars and history of each of the four great relics of our Lord's Passion shown at the present time at Santa Croce, and afterwards the evidence for their authenticity. The chief sources of our information are the work of Corrieri on these relics (published in 1830), Angelo Rocca, and Stephen Borgia; besides which, we have more than once had the privilege of closely inspecting these celebrated relics. The chief relics of Santa Croce are—(1.) three pieces of the Holy Cross; (2.) the greater portion of the Title affixed to the Cross by order of Pilate; (3.) two spines from the Crown of Thorns; (4.) one of the Nails with which our Lord was crucified. There are in Corrieri's book accurate and full-sized drawings of each of these relics, which enable us to give an account of their dimensions.

1. The three pieces of the Holy Cross are as near as possible of the following measurement. The largest is six and a quarter inches in length, about five-eighths of an inch wide, and apparently about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The next is four and three-quarter inches, and the third three and three-quarter inches long, and of about the same width and thickness as the first. All three are somewhat irregular in shape.* They are believed to be the largest relics of the Holy Cross in existence, with exception of that for which Angelo Rocca claims pre-eminence, which belongs to the Pontifical Sacristy (of which he was Prefect), and is exposed in the Sistine Chapel on Good Friday. From the representation he gives of it, which he declares to be accurate in dimensions, it appears to be in the form of an elaborately carved cross, three and a half inches long, two and three-quarters wide, and one inch by five-eighths and a sixteenth in thickness. There is also at St. Peter's an ancient cross containing a considerable relic of the Holy Cross, which was given in the sixth century by one of the Emperors Justin, believed by Borgia to have been the second of that name.

We have seen that Constantine when he gave these relics to Santa Croce enshrined them in gold and jewels. In the fourteenth century it seems that the case had become much worn and dilapidated, on which account a new one was provided by the

* Of what kind of wood they are is uncertain. Nearly all relics of the Holy Cross are very dark in colour, not unlike that of chestnut. The greater number of authors who have written on the subject believe it to have been made of oak.

generosity of the Cardinal Albert, Archduke of Austria. This remained until 1798, when the Roman Republic, with an affection for precious things highly characteristic of all such modern institutions, amongst other barbarian enormities, sacrilegiously tore the relics of the Holy Cross from their gold and silver case, which, despite its antiquity and beautiful art-workmanship, was no doubt consigned to the melting-pot. The Holy Thorns were also robbed of their shrine, whilst the other two relics of the Passion were only partially despoiled. The relics of the Holy Cross were left behind wrapped in a piece of thin paper. Within a week however, the produce of the sacrilege being probably spent, the robbers bethought themselves of the precious metal that remained, and of the relics themselves which might fetch something from a curiosity dealer. So again to Santa Croce! and in the name of the Republic they demanded from the Abbot, Padre Sisto Benigni, the keys of the place where the relics were kept. First threats and at last force brought the keys into their power, but somehow one of the keys, and that the principal one, was missing, and then the legalised robbers thought it might not look respectable to break the locks for so small a prospective gain; the relics escaped, and the courageous Abbot by his perseverance some months after got back the keys. But the monks, reduced to poverty, could not at once replace the splendid cases they had lost, although they did their best to preserve with due respect the relics retained with such difficulty. Brighter days however dawned for a while, and in 1803 the Duchess of Villa-Hermosa replaced at her own cost not only these, but the cases of other remarkable relics in Rome, which had been despoiled in the name of the Republic. On the 13th of September in that year, the three particles of the Holy Cross were solemnly enclosed by Cardinal Somaglia in the magnificent cross which at present contains them. The cross is of silver gilt made in the form of the ancient stational crosses. In the centre is a bas-relief of the Most Holy Trinity. Above, under a plate of rock-crystal, is inscribed in letters of gold the text—*Humiliavit semetipsum factus obediens usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.* In the lower part and in each arm, under rock-crystal, and adorned with gold ornaments, are the three particles of the Holy Cross. Underneath, in bas-relief of gold, is Our Lady of Sorrows; and lower, the Crown of Thorns. On each of the three upper ends of the cross, in letters of gold, the Title is inscribed in one of the three languages in which it was written—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—and at the lower end is a skull and cross-bones. Each

of the ends is adorned with foliage and balls of amethyst, and the bas-relief in the centre is surrounded with gilt rays as well as other ornaments and balls of lapis-lazuli. The whole rests on a base of silver gilt and lapis-lazuli, adorned with festoons of flowers, foliage, and bands of gold. Below this is another plinth of silver gilt, in the middle of which is a bas-relief in gold of the Crucifixion of our Lord, with the two thieves and a multitude of men and horses. At the sides of the base are two Angels in silver, bearing one the lance and the other the sponge, and supported on pedestals of lapis-lazuli. The height of the whole is five Roman palms, and it is valued at two thousand zecchini, not much less than a thousand pounds. For the other relics, owing to the return of calamitous times, nothing was done for twenty-two years.

2. The Title of the Cross. There is every reason for believing that this most interesting and important relic was placed, soon after its discovery by St. Helen, in the place where it remained until it unexpectedly came to light in 1492. There are several contemporary narratives extant of that event, whence it appears that Cardinal Peter Gonzales de Mendoza, the Titular of Santa Croce, was restoring the Basilica, and that in January, 1492, the workmen whilst repairing the mosaics accidentally discovered a small cavity over the arch of the apse. The brick with which the cavity was closed bore on its inner surface the inscription in two lines, cut in ancient oblong letters — *Titulus Crucis*. Behind this was a small leaden box bound with a cord which was sealed with three seals, and had in front, in letters of middle size, the words — *Ecce Lignum Crucis*. Within the leaden box was the Title of the Cross as we see it at the present time. There had been formerly an inscription over the arch in mosaic recording that the Title was there deposited. Time had so defaced it that the knowledge of what was there had perished. That this was not the first time the Title had been seen since first deposited, was evident from the seals above mentioned, which bore the inscription — *Gerardus Cardinalis S. Crucis*. This was Cardinal Caccianemici, a Bolognese, who afterwards reigned as Pope Lucius II. Mabillon relates that he restored the Basilica of Santa Croce in 1143, and it was doubtless at this period that he saw and sealed up the relic.

To Padre Fumagalli, who had many opportunities of closely examining the Title, it appeared to be written on a piece of the bark of some tree. The dimensions are nine and three-eighths of an inch, by about five and a quarter inches. Sozomen

describes it as having been white when found by St. Helen. Traces are said by Corrieri still to exist of the white ground on which the inscription was painted in red letters. It was thus according to Pliny that edicts were usually published. The inscription is as the Gospels relate, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, the first being uppermost. It is remarkable that all three inscriptions are written in the Hebrew manner, from right to left, so that it was probably the work of some Jewish scribe attached to the Tribunal of Pontius Pilate. Nevertheless, both Greek and Latin inscriptions written in this way are not unknown. A large portion is gone from each end of the Title.

The learned convert from Judaism, Drach, made a very careful examination of the Hebrew inscription, the letters of which he found to be of the kind used for common and profane (as distinguished from sacred) writing, such as is seen on medals of the Machabees. Calculating the space between the letters, he judged that the Hebrew Title was written in the Syriac dialect spoken in Jerusalem at the time of our Lord. He tells us that he considered the subject for nearly two months before making known his conclusion. Of this inscription, parts only of nine letters remain, which Drach believed to represent *Yeschuanq notzri melê*, or "Jesus of Nazareth King of." Of the Greek there can be read, *Ναζαρενὸς . β* ; and of the Latin, *Nazarenus Re*, with some slight remains in each case of the name *JESUS*. The letters appear to have been first cut upon the board, and afterwards painted, as described above. This relic still retains the silver case in which it was placed after its discovery in 1492 by Cardinal Mendoza, but some ornaments were added to it by Cardinal Zurla in 1827. A few small fragments of the Title are preserved in other places.

3. The relics of the Crown of Thorns. One of these is about an inch and three quarters, and the other about an inch and a half in length, sharp, and light-coloured. They appear to belong to the *rhamnus* or buck-thorn species, of which Pliny writes (lib. xxiv., cap. 14)—*Inter genera ruborum Rhamnus appellatur a Græcis, candidior et fructuosior. Hic floret ramos spargens rectis aculeis, non ut cæteri aduncis foliis majoribus*. The history of the Crown of Thorns is somewhat involved in obscurity, but it is certain that it was publicly venerated at Constantinople in the time of Justinian, 527 ; and also in the time of Charlemagne, about 770. It is mentioned in several ancient manuscripts as preserved at Constantinople. Then there is the record of its being pledged, first to the Pisans by John of Brienne, and after-

wards by Baldwin II. to the Venetians. These were both Emperors of Constantinople. St. Louis of France having redeemed the Crown of Thorns from the Venetians, received it as a gift from Baldwin II. It is worthy of remembrance that the celebrated and magnificent Sainte Chapelle at Paris was built by St. Louis to contain this holy relic. There it rested until March, 1791, when it was removed to the sacristy of the Royal Abbey of St. Denis. After this it was placed in the Imperial Library (as a curiosity?); and finally, in 1806, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris translated it to Nôtre Dame, where it is now enclosed in a magnificent reliquary, which was made for it later, and was shown in the Great Exhibition of 1851. Two churches in Rome besides Santa Croce possess relics of the Crown of Thorns. At St. Bernard's, near the Baths of Diocletian, are two spines, and three at St. Praxedes, which last were the gift of a King of France. Several other places boast the possession of like relics. Those at Santa Croce were enclosed in a new silver reliquary about 1825.

4. One of the Nails with which our Lord was nailed to the Cross. This relic is probably better known to many of our readers than either of the other three, from the fac-similes which are by no means uncommon, and which, interesting and precious though they be, have undoubtedly caused some confusion and misunderstanding. Corrieri enumerates twenty-five places which boast the honour of possessing a Nail with which our Lord was crucified. As at most there could have been but four (pretty certainly the true number) used, some of these must be rejected. However, on more particular examination, we find that only a part of a Nail is shown in some places, whilst it is possible that others of the number may have been used to fasten the Cross together or to affix the Title. At any rate all may be venerated as memorials of the true Nails, which they either contain some particles of, or have been brought in contact with. It is on record that Clement VII. presented a nail containing a particle of the true Nail to the Duke of Bourges. Fac-similes of the key that locked the Confession of St. Peter, and which had been used for the purpose, were anciently presented by the Popes to royal and illustrious personages. St. Gregory the Great sent several such, in which were enclosed filings from the chains which bound the Apostles, preserved in the Eudoxian Basilica. The Nail of Santa Croce is four and three-quarter inches long, with a hemi-spherical head about an inch and a half in diameter. The Nail is square, and in its thickest part measures five-sixteenths of an inch. The greater part of the point seems to have been filed away, no doubt

to satisfy the devotion of those who desired to possess even the smallest particle of so precious a relic. Such concessions have long ceased, but Corrieri maintains that it never has been reduced by filing, and that it always was as it is now. The small shrine which contains this relic was, as we have already said, partially despoiled in 1798. New ornaments have since been added, but what remains of the original, which is in form a small domed temple, shows, by the inscription and the arms engraved on it, that it was the gift of John Soarez, Bishop of Coimbra in Portugal.

We come now to the evidence for the authenticity of the relics of our Lord's Passion, which, strange to say, men calling themselves Christians have seemed anxious to discredit and ridicule rather than to wish to know whether they were genuine or not. The discovery or Invention by St. Helen of the Cross of our Lord is vouched for by the most respectable authorities. The following are selected from a vast quantity of valuable testimony. Ruffinus of Aquileja (A.D. 400) tells us that "when St. Helen found the Holy Cross, she reserved some for her son, the Emperor Constantine, another portion, enclosed in a silver case, she left at Jerusalem, which at this present time is kept with careful veneration." Theodoret says, "She assigned a part of our Lord's Cross to the palace. The rest, enclosed in a silver case which she ordered to be made, she gave to the Bishop of the City (Macarius of Jerusalem), exhorting him that he should diligently guard this monument of our salvation for the benefit of those who should come after us." Socrates writes, "One portion of the Cross, enclosed in a silver case, she left there for those who wished to behold it, as an everlasting memorial." Then he continues with reference to the portion sent to Constantinople (which he alone mentions), "Which when Constantine had received, considering that the city which possessed such a pledge would enjoy perpetual safety, he enclosed it in his own statue, which he placed on a great purple porphyry column in the Forum at Constantinople. Having heard this, I have inserted it in my history. Nearly all however I have seen who live at Constantinople affirm the truth of it." Sozomen tells us, "The greater portion of this venerable Cross which was then found is even now kept at Jerusalem in a silver case; but a part of it, together with the Nails that fastened the Body of our Lord to it, the Empress sent to her son Constantine."

But the most splendid testimony is given by St. Cyril, who was Bishop of Jerusalem in 350. In his *Catechesis*, x., 19, he says, speaking of the Divinity of our Lord: "The holy wood of the

Cross which we see amongst us at the present time, testifies it; and through those whose faith has impelled them to take away portions of it, this testimony has filled nearly the whole world." And elsewhere (xiii., 4) he says, "For if I shall deny it (the Passion of Christ), this Golgotha, close to which we have all stood, will confute me: the wood of the Cross, which in particles from this place is distributed over the whole world, will confute me."

St. John Chrysostom, in his work against the Jews and Gentiles, *Quod Christus sit Deus*, asks, "Why do people eagerly flock to the very wood on which His Sacred Body suffered and was crucified? Why do many, both men and women, hang a piece of it shrined in gold about their necks, although this wood was a symbol of condemnation and punishment?" St. Paulinus of Nola, who died in the year 431, tells us that he had a piece of the Holy Cross from Jerusalem. Alcimius Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, wrote to Pope Symmachus (498—514) for his interest in order to obtain a relic of the Holy Cross. St. Gregory of Tours tells us that Queen Radegunda obtained a relic of the Holy Cross from Chilperic, King of the Franks, which she deposited with great veneration in the monastery at Poitiers. Venerable Bede (673—735) also relates that in his day there was at Constantinople a large part of the true Cross, not that which Constantine had placed in his statue, but that which St. Helen had left at Jerusalem, and which in the beginning of the seventh century, being captured by the Persians under Chosroes, was redeemed by Heraclius and taken, probably for safety, to Constantinople, where it was kept in the Church of Sancta Sophia. The account he gives of it (which it is very likely he received from Theodore the Greek, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, according to Alban Butler, taught him Greek) is as follows: "On the north side of the sanctuary (*interior domus*) is a large and beautiful shrine, in which is a wooden chest with a cover of wood, containing three portions of the Cross of our Lord, which are two pieces of the upright part and the cross-beam of the Holy Cross."

Constantine V., who became Emperor in 780, informs us that it was usual to expose the relics of the Holy Cross at Constantinople on the 1st of August (*Ceremonies of the Byzantine Court*, lib. ii., cap. 8). It appears that some portion of the Holy Cross remained at Jerusalem even after the time of Heraclius, and was last heard of in 1187. The Nails are mentioned by Ruffinus as found by St. Helen and given to her son Constantine, who is said to have placed one in the bit of

his war-horse and another in his helmet. The same is said by Theodoret, who lived about 390. A perfect crowd of authors of the highest character are agreed in the fact that St. Helen brought with her from Jerusalem to Rome the relics of the Holy Cross, the Title, and the Nails. One Nail she is said to have thrown into the Adriatic whilst on her way, to appease a violent storm which threatened the safety of the ship. Many believe however that she only immersed the Nail in the troubled waters, as is most probable. Sigonius, who is vouched for by Muratori as *auctor diligentissimus*, in his work on the acts of St. Helen in the East, narrates as follows—"These things being accomplished to the great credit of her piety, in the year following, Constantine and Maximus being Consuls, taking with her a part of the Cross, the Title, and the Nails, she left for Rome. On arriving there, being honourably received by the Emperor and all the people, she offered the holy relics of the Passion, which were received with becoming reverence by the Pontiff and the Clergy. Thereupon, her son supplying the means, she founded the magnificent Basilica in the Sessorian Palace, and there dedicated a portion of the sacred wood, enclosed in gold and jewels, with the Title of the Cross, which is still preserved in that Basilica called Jerusalem, and which has also from her received the name of Helenian, and was enriched, chiefly by Constantine, with remarkable adornments and wealthy possessions."

To add to the evidence would draw us to unreasonable length, but surely enough has been said to prove to any one whose mind is not clouded by prejudice, that we have every reason to acknowledge as genuine the precious relics preserved for so many centuries at Santa Croce. Strange indeed it would be if all the holy and learned persons we have mentioned had allowed themselves to be deceived in a matter of such moment. It must be remembered that three centuries from the time of our Lord's Crucifixion had not elapsed when St. Helen sought for and discovered the relics. Surely, in that short interval, traditions so dear to the Christian heart could not have perished or become so obscured as to lead her to a false conclusion. That she did search for and find these relics it is impossible to deny. That they were really the three relics of our Lord's Passion we can see no room for doubting. The evidence both intrinsic and extrinsic is to our mind irresistible. We have purposely omitted all reference to evidence of miracles which attested their genuineness. An unbroken tradition strengthened by the

piety of each succeeding generation has guarded them even to our day. We cannot forbear to remark how readily and on what suspicious evidence, or rather in the face of how many arguments against them, the celebrated Casket Letters are accepted as proof against Mary Queen of Scots by those who would probably reject without the trouble of investigation the conclusion we adopt for such good reasons and without a misgiving in regard to the relics of Santa Croce.

J. V.

A Last Communion in the Conciergerie.

IN certain forms of historical complexities, it seems absolutely essential that a considerable period of time should elapse before the truth can be elicited from the additions or colouring of religious or political partisanship. This is especially observable in regard to prominent personages, or actors in historical scenes during disturbed or revolutionary times. And the fact does not apply merely to character, which would naturally enough be viewed through many various mediums of belief or party-spirit, but also to minute details and actions of their lives, which at first sight would appear to be easily known and obvious on the surface to those by whom they were surrounded. It is always of some interest to unravel these finer historical mysteries, and especially so when any vital principle or motive of faith is involved.

We shall turn our attention, then, for the space of a few pages, to the city of historical dramas, whose very air seems pregnant with revolution, whose soil is sown with immemorial dragons' teeth, and bursts spontaneously into barricades. There, on an August night in the well-known year 1793, we shall present ourselves in imagination at the gates of the Temple, and accompany Marie Antoinette, then registered as "the widow Capet," to the still gloomier prison of the Conciergerie. We all know the persons and circumstances of that never to be forgotten drama—the hurried summons of the police, the few minutes allowed for embracing her daughter and sister-in-law for the last time, her agonised look towards the apartment in which the Dauphin was confined, and the hurried descent to the carriage at the gate. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and so dark that the Queen did not observe the smallness of the wicket-door, so that she struck her head with considerable force in hastily stepping through. Her guards had the humanity to stop an instant and ask if she were hurt. "No," she replied, with quiet pathos, "nothing now can ever hurt me more."

The prison chamber prepared for "the widow Capet" was a

large damp room at the end of a long dark corridor, shut in by a massive and heavily-bolted door. The floor was below the level of the outside court, and on the discoloured walls, trickling with damp, might still be seen an old paper covered with royal *fleur-de-llys*, which seemed to mock the past and her fallen state. It had been, in fact, the council-chamber of the prison, in which the members of the Paris Parliament had formerly met for the examination of the prisoners, and General Custine had now hastily vacated it in order to make room for the Queen. A wooden barrier with an aperture had been erected across the room, dividing it into two portions, in the first of which the guards were posted, and the second small enclosure, furnished with a miserable pallet-bed, a little table, and two straw chairs, was the dwelling of the poor widowed Queen till she was led from it to the scaffold. The one small window, looking into the women's yard, was thickly grated with strong iron bars. Casting one shivering glance round the desolate chamber, which looked as well as felt like a nearer approach to her final doom, the poor Queen hung up her watch on a nail, and lay down, thoroughly worn out, on the miserable bed. It was well that her gaoler, Richard, had stirred up his humanity in her behalf—the humanity which brought him also, later, to the block—and he had added a pillow and clean sheets to the mattresses and coverlet graciously allowed by the Convention. Among all the hidden or nameless loyal Christians of that terrible time—Michonis, who suffered death for his humanity, the fruit-woman who picked out her finest melon with delight when she knew it was a purchase for the Queen, the grocer who risked punishment by sending her chocolate, the sentry who broke his pipe when he found that the tobacco-smoke prevented the Queen from sleeping at night, and Bault, her second gaoler, who risked his bread and his life to ameliorate her condition at the Conciergerie—among all these and a crowd of others, two more names must now be freshly recorded, whose services were of a higher and more lasting kind, even such as endure and bear fruit in the world to come.

Most persons of the last generation knew something of the excellent French Clergy who fled to this country under the Reign of Terror, enduring all the hardships of a painful exile, and gratefully accepting the generous alms of a country at enmity with their own, rather than take that forbidden oath to the Constitution which cut them off from communion with the Church. Many of us have thus become familiar, by report, with those good Abbés, courteous, refined, reticent, but full of kindness,

who earned or added to their maintenance by teaching French in families and schools. One of the best sketches of that late pleasant and picturesque writer, Miss Mitford, is her truthful account of an emigrant French Priest, universally respected, who taught in Reading and its neighbourhood, and was cruelly murdered and robbed as he was returning from the County Bank with his hard-earned savings. The charity, hidden acts of kindness, and pure life of this poor Priest were still recalled with affectionate respect some years ago.

But there were others of his brethren who would not emigrate, but chose to remain in danger with their flocks, giving them Mass and the Sacraments, and keeping alive their faith and courage in secret. To follow the course of this hidden band would be like tracking the footsteps of the Martyrs of Japan. Hunted like noxious beasts, denounced by ribald journalists, driven from town to town, and hidden in farms and outlying hamlets, they still escaped pursuit for a considerable time, concealed by faithful peasants and their more faithful wives, and so passed from roof to roof, wherever the love of God and loyal faith still survived the wreck and weathered the hideous storm. In these annals of the first Revolution, even as yet not sufficiently exhausted, women played a chief and most memorable part. Among them was a townswoman of Orleans, named Thérèse Victoire Fouché, of a very respectable family, but so reduced in circumstances that her mother was obliged to gain a living in Paris by ironing and getting up fine linen in a little street near the well-known old church of St. Merry.

This excellent little woman, whose faith and many virtues stamped such an expression of goodness and trustworthiness on her otherwise plain face that she charmed every one who saw her, had become known to many of the noble ladies of that suffering time, and was associated with them in the circles of prayers and hidden good works by which they sanctified their lives and sought to draw down a blessing from God. Thérèse Fouché glided about Paris like some ministering spirit, visited the royalist victims in prison, comforted and relieved them in their wants and difficulties, carried messages of consolation from friend to friend, and also, as we shall see, from such Priests as still remained in Paris to the penitents who were deprived of the Sacraments, and thus forced to face the terrors of death unaided and alone. The most remarkable fact in the career of this shy and unpretending woman is that she braved the wrath of the fiercest members of Convention, pleading for the lives of the royalists. These she several times

actually obtained, or, if this might not be granted, that the rigour of their captivity might be softened by some indulgences. Therèse even faced Robespierre himself, and although she was herself arrested on suspicion of having harboured what we may call non-juring Priests, the ferocious President gave an immediate order for her release, tacitly allowed her work of love to continue, and at times even joked with her as she sought his dreaded presence or as he met her in the streets. Once especially, Therèse was walking along the quays of the Seine in company with her chief guide and counsellor, the Abbé Magnin, who was lodging with her mother under the shadow of old St. Merry, with the occupation and in the dress of an old clothesman. Suddenly Therèse turned to him and said, in a low voice—"You must take yourself off; here is Robespierre coming!" The Abbé, without the slightest appearance of haste or surprise, sauntered quietly away through a side street, and Therèse stopped before one of the old book-stalls, such as were then, as now, displayed along the river-bank.

"Are you looking for some particular book?" asked Robespierre, ranging up by her side, possibly to see if he could detect anything like flurry or embarrassment in her face.

"No," replied Therèse, unmoved, "I was only looking if there were anything to tempt me."

Robespierre glanced his quick eye rapidly along the lines of books, and taking out three volumes labelled *The Spring-time of a Pretty Woman*, held them laughingly towards her, saying—"Here, these will suit you exactly."

Therèse was well known at the Conciergerie, and as soon as she learnt that the Queen was there she resolved to visit her, if any amount of prayers and pleading could penetrate those doors. Several rich and noble families at Orleans, who were associated to the circles of prayer then secretly in full activity, wrote to Therèse, saying that any money she required for the work should be forthcoming, and that, if necessary, they would sell everything they had to furnish means for visiting or relieving the imprisoned Queen. After much prayer, Therèse paid a visit to Richard at the Conciergerie, and asked if she might see Marie Antoinette. His first answer was—"It is impossible," and Therèse was obliged to give it up for that time. Returning again soon afterwards, she heard that several persons had been admitted with the police-inspectors to the Queen's room, on the payment of large sums of money, to gratify their curiosity. "If other people could satisfy their curiosity, why should not she?" urged Therèse to Richard,

and she at once offered him a considerable sum of money. Either this golden key or his own lingering humanity prevailed, and he said to Therèse—"Look here; there are four sentries appointed, two of them devils, but the other two good fellows enough. The guard is changed at midnight, and if you will come at half-past twelve we'll see what can be done." Overjoyed at the prospect, the faithful Therèse flew to tell the Abbé Magnin, and ask him to accompany her to the prison. This excellent man, to whom all her plans and works of charity were confided, had been the Director of the Little Seminary at Autun, until a Constitutional Bishop—Gouttes—had been forced on the diocese, when the Abbé was obliged to resign his seminary and fly. At first he had thought of the foreign missions, but as his relations distinctly opposed this, he made up his mind to remain in Paris and offer his life to the royalist sufferers. Throughout the Reign of Terror, therefore, this brave man had persevered in his painful and dangerous way of life, finding his true mission in ministering the consolations of religion secretly. Under the name of Monsieur Charles, and, as we have seen, in the disguise of a working man, he was able to comfort and strengthen a multitude of sufferers, and send them to the guillotine with brave and cheerful hearts. In the same garb as when walking with Therèse on the quays of the Seine to visit some afflicted soul, the Abbé said Mass every day in a little garret near the Place Vendôme, in the presence of of a crowd of faithful and loving worshippers, like those who assembled in the Roman catacombs and in our English hiding-places.

Nothing could exceed the joy of Monsieur Charles when he heard that the doors of the Conciergerie were opened, and before midnight he and Therèse started together for the prison. Paris was at that time rank with nightly disorder, for all kinds of license were encouraged by the abandoned and godless members of the Convention, that their own excesses might pass unnoticed among the crowd. The boulevards and quays of the Seine were thronged with drunken soldiers and national guards, and with loose women of every grade. Everywhere the passions of men and the malice of fiends seemed to be unchained and let loose upon the city, and, as in the terrible descriptions of the Prophets, Paris was drunk with blood. And upon all this dreadful scene the great twin cathedral towers of Notre Dame looked down, like two sorrowful but steadfast Angels watching and abiding a better time. They seemed to witness that there were yet five just left in the city to turn away the uttermost anger of God.

Two such, side by side, were now threading their way by the lowest and most circuitous routes to the Conciergerie, and a little after midnight the Abbé Magnin and Thérèse stood before the prison gates. But Thérèse alone was admitted. When Richard brought her into the cell Marie Antoinette was up and dressed. She was so often rudely awakened by finding rough men in her room, gazing at her in bed without the slightest regard to propriety, that the least noise now startled her, and when Thérèse first saw the Queen she was sitting on her bed, dressed in her poor weeds, and in a coarse linen widow's cap, from which escaped the thick locks of her once beautiful hair, whitened by the agony of the King's execution. Her cheeks were livid, her eyes sunk, and her royal beauty dimmed by the shedding of many tears, but in her look and in her bearing there was still that dignity of long-descended royalty, which the Paris "citizens" called the "Austrian's pride." Touched to the heart, Thérèse stepped forward and respectfully greeted the Queen, but to her grief and disappointment she was greeted with coldness and contempt. Marie Antoinette had been too cruelly outraged and betrayed under the mask of friendship; the satellites of Fouquier Tinville had too often sought her presence with fawning hypocrisy, afterwards to betray and misrepresent her most secret thoughts, for her easily to trust again. Believing that Thérèse was only one more like the women Tison and Harel, she would not even speak to her, until Thérèse, finding it in vain to make any further attempts, asked if she might come again. Then the Queen contemptuously replied—"Do as you please." Most women, after braving such imminent perils only to be rebuffed, would have been discouraged, and concluded that further attempts would be vain, but Thérèse was too self-forgetting and noble, her object was too vital, to allow anything like littleness to deter her from its pursuit. She went soon again, and then at last was received as she deserved. Richard had probably spoken of her in the meanwhile to the Queen, and had convinced her that Thérèse was a true friend, and she on her part lost no time in proposing to the Queen to avail herself of the spiritual helps within her reach. At the first mention of the Sacraments, joy gleamed in the poor captive's eyes, but in a few minutes she returned to her doubts and suspicions, and said—"But how can you know of any Priest who has not taken the oath?" Being, however, soon convinced by Thérèse that the Abbé Magnin was a true non-juror, the Queen gratefully arranged with her to bring him the next time. When he came, however, Richard made great difficulty in

letting him in, but after much entreaty, and probably on the payment of a handsome sum, the doors opened to him also, and he was soon seated with the Queen in her cell. She had then so much to pour out to him that Richard became alarmed at the length of the interview, and a costly bargain was made by Thérèse for a few minutes more in which to finish the confession. The Queen was much comforted by this visit, and embracing Thérèse almost with joy, she made her promise to bring "Monsieur Charles" whenever she could come again. This was not always possible, but Thérèse went alone, and took with her some finer linen and warmer stockings than those provided for the Queen. Whenever he could, the Abbé Magnin accompanied Thérèse, and was thus able to hear the Queen's confession and to give her Communion several times. For this purpose, during the Reign of Terror, the French Clergy never went about without having the Blessed Sacrament hung round their necks in a small pyx. At one of these visits Marie Antoinette took out of an ebony box a little china drinking-cup she commonly used, and gave it to Thérèse for "Madame Royale," telling her that if she could not safely convey it to her daughter she was to keep it herself, in remembrance of her. Faithful in small things as in great, Thérèse finally managed to send the cup to the Duchess d'Angoulême, at Mittau in Germany, and the Duchess acknowledged the fact in a letter, which Thérèse always preserved and counted among her precious treasures.

It is a pity that those who were admitted to the Queen were not limited to wise and prudent persons like the Abbé and his faithful attendant; but loyalty, like affection, is liable to overpass its bounds. The inspector of prisons, Michonis, allowed a gentleman named De Rougeville to accompany him on his rounds, and when they were in the Queen's cell, De Rougeville, as if by accident, dropped a carnation on the ground. In it was concealed a note offering the royal family money and help. The Queen read the note, and answered it by one pricked with a pin, and the carnation was once more filled with its secret burthen. But this time not so fortunately. One of the guards found and seized it, the matter was denounced to the Convention, and Michonis, after an imprisonment of nine months, was executed. De Rougeville only saved himself by flight. Poor Richard was also deprived of his office, and the guards changed. All this mischief had been brought about by De Rougeville's imprudence, and what was worse than all, when Thérèse returned to the Conciergerie she was refused admittance. But the unhappy Queen was watched over

and guarded by a Power before which all others must yield, and in the end the changes which promised so ill bettered her condition. The new governor, Bault, was a man who concealed his loyalty, or at least his humanity, under rough words, and he began by insisting, under pretence of their having been corrupted, that the sentries who kept watch in the outer chamber, and the woman Harel, with whom they played cards and held disgusting conversations, should be dismissed. There was an end therefore to the oaths, foul words, brutal indecency, and perpetual fumes of tobacco, which had formed great part of the offensive hardships to which the Queen was subject, and she could now at least enjoy peace. Bault next ordered that everything the Queen ate should be cooked within the prison, and his wife so managed that she was supplied with cleanly and wholesome food. Lastly, he rummaged in some lumber-rooms, and brought out an immense piece of old tapestry, which he nailed along the stained and streaming walls. One of the commissioners who visited to inspect the prison, rebuked him for providing any extra comfort for the "widow Capet;" but Bault replied that the tapestry prevented any conversation being overheard in the outer chamber. He did not always get off so easily, and once, when he asked for a cotton counterpane for the prisoner's bed, Fouquier Tinville brutally exclaimed, "You deserve to be sent to the guillotine yourself!" Bault, however, was not to be beaten; he gave the Queen a woollen coverlet to keep her warm in the damp nights, and his wife always picked out the best fruit and vegetables their garden produced for their prisoner's table. Therèse, therefore, soon found herself at home with Bault, whom she had known in former days at the prison of La Force, where she had been introduced to him by an old Hospital Sister belonging to St. Louis'. She now not only re-introduced herself, and afterwards the Abbé, but actually asked Bault to let Mass be said in the Queen's room. This was, at first, too much even for Bault. How could it be possible to conceal the Priest in his vestments, the chalice, the lights, the cruets, all of which must inevitably be used for Mass, supposing an inspector or commissioner to come in? But by little and little Therèse persuaded him to allow the Queen this last consolation. She promised him that everything used should be on the smallest scale, and that all precautions should be taken; if he would only find her two little candlesticks, she would provide the rest. Wonderful to tell, the really serious difficulties seemed gradually to vanish, and Bault gave permission for the Mass.

No time was lost. The Abbé came the next night, and with him

Therèse, with a bag concealed under her gown containing a very small chalice taken to pieces, a little altar-stone, just large enough for the chalice to stand on, a minute Missal, cruets, two wax tapers, linen, and a chasuble of thin red and white silk rolled up very small. When a mattress had been stuffed into the window, everything was ready.

It was a scene in the catacombs reproduced; just as the Church, ever fruitful with the Holy Spirit, reproduces her Martyrs, her Confessors, her persecutions, and her victorious strifes. In that damp, low chamber, the little table was dressed with fair linen, the chalice was placed on the altar-stone, the candles were lit, the Priest vested, and the immemorial words of the Holy Sacrifice, always and everywhere the same, the Food of the living, the Staff of the dying, the Strength of the dead, after a year's silence, once more, and for the last time on earth, sounded in the Queen's ears. How did they seem to her in that hour? We, in our luxury of liberty, our wealth of spiritual blessings, our privileges so fastidiously used, so feebly profited by, are scarcely worthy to know. Of this at least we are sure, that in those proud days when her beautiful head had been raised to its height, and her speaking eyes had looked disdainfully on her enemies, Marie Antoinette had never enjoyed a particle of the happiness she felt kneeling on that damp matting with one poor girl for her sole retinue; looking forward to a shameful death, yet united to God, her pride broken, her mind submitted to His will, and at peace with the murderers of her husband and her children. It may possibly be that of all the signal victories of grace this was one of the chief.

It is recorded by those who witnessed the scene, that not only the Queen and Therèse, but two sentries, made their confession and received Communion that night. It was the last time the Abbé Magnin ever saw the Queen. He fell dangerously ill immediately afterwards, possibly from the mingled strain of apprehension and joy, and Therèse was obliged to take another loyal Priest to the Conciergerie in his stead. This was the Abbé Cholet, a Vendean, who afterwards died in exile. He gave the Queen one more last Communion, and in three days afterwards she was taken away to execution, and to the rest due after her long and cruel sufferings. It was a singular coincidence, that while the Abbé Magnin lay ill, Therèse was called away to Orleans, so that neither of these two faithful friends accompanied the Queen unknown to the scaffold. It was perhaps mercifully so arranged, for they might have been betrayed by the agony of

witnessing that death, and thus have lost many years of useful labour.

Such is the account, very carefully detailed, of Count Robiano, while Chamberlain to the King of the Netherlands, and first published in 1824. According to his own declaration, he received it from the lips both of the Abbé Magnin, when Curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and of Therèse Fouché, whom he also frequently saw in Paris. For some time he visited both these loyal and faithful eye-witnesses, and as soon as he had left them wrote down on paper what they had said. The next day he took his notes with him and read them to them, correcting everything that had not been scrupulously exact. The memoir which he subsequently drew up in a readable form, he presented to the French King in 1826, but the name of the Abbé was by his own earnest request not given.

This modest reticence on the part of the Abbé Magnin, who anxiously shunned anything like renown or fame, though admirable in itself, was to be regretted as to its results, for it gave rise to much discussion and doubt, especially on the part of an unhappy renegade Priest named Lafont d'Aussonne, who had been a Professor in the Seminary at Evreux before the Revolution, a Curé under the Empire, and afterwards a famous preacher at the Carmes, but had since thrown off all his sacred obligations, and made himself a police-agent and dealer in Prussian blue, leading a life in other ways not altogether satisfactory. Lafont d'Aussonne published a series of pamphlets contradicting Robiano and the Abbé Magnin's account, and when the Abbé's name was at length made known, Lafont wrote to him, insisting insolently on his withdrawing his statement under pain of various penalties and of exposure as an impostor. He also tried to win over the Baults to his side, and to publish denials that any non-juring Priest had been admitted or ever given Communion in the Conciergerie. By so doing he no doubt wished to throw discredit on the zeal and heroic devotedness of the Clergy, and on the loyal, self-sacrificing affection shown to the unfortunate royal family of France. The strongest point in his argument, and indeed the only one worthy of much notice in a historical point of view, is the letter to Madame Elisabeth in the Queen's own solemn last testament, in which these words occur: "Not knowing whether there are still existing here Priests of this (Catholic) faith, for my being here would expose them to much danger."

In regard to this statement it must be remembered that the Queen was in the habit of ignoring her friends' presence and help, from

the dread of bringing them into danger, and this dread had been much increased by the punishment of Michonis, Richard, and others, and also that at the time of her execution the Abbé Magnin had fallen very ill, and Thérèse, from whom alone she could have heard news, had mysteriously disappeared. The Queen probably concluded that she had been suspected and thrown into prison. It is remarkable that Lafont d'Aussonne himself makes very little of this statement of the Queen, for according to his exaggerated account, when the Convention offered the Queen the aid of a Constitutional Priest, the Abbé Girard, she pointedly refused to confess to him or receive Communion at his hands. Girard remonstrated with her, and observed that it would have a bad effect even upon religious people if they knew that the Queen died without the Sacraments. Marie Antoinette—says Lafont d'Aussonne—replied: "That has been thought of—I have made my confession," i.e., to a non-juring Priest. What the Queen really said was: "*The Divine Goodness has provided for that,*" which, according to her custom, compromised no one. Referring to the statement in the last letter to Madame Elisabeth, the Abbé Magnin one day read it aloud from the pulpit of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and then added in the most marked manner: "I have the consolation of being able to tell you that notwithstanding the way in which this letter is expressed, the Queen had the happiness of receiving all the helps of religion."

This brave and faithful Priest remained Curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the royal parish, for twenty years, and during all that time he never voluntarily adverted to his extraordinary labours and dangers in the Reign of Terror. He consented with the utmost reluctance to relate their details to Count Robiano, and it is recorded that obedience to his Bishop alone made him finally reveal his name to the Duchess d'Angoulême. When the second revolution of 1830 broke out, the church was sacked, the presbytery burnt, and the venerable Curé threatened with death. Worse than all, the Orleans Sovereign, who began his reign with so many professions and such solemn promises on the ground of religion, persistently refused funds to rebuild the church, and the Curé, after so much devoted service, and worthy of far other rewards, was obliged to resign his beloved and sorrowing parish. Not an attempt at reparation, not an offer of sympathy was made him by the Government, and all that the Archbishop of Paris—De Quelen—could do, was to make him an honorary Canon of Notre Dame. Shortly before his death, which took place in

1843, after a life full of years and service, the Abbé Magnin wrote the following letter to Viscount d'Osseville, an intimate friend of Viscount Walsh, the well-known author of the *Vendean Letters*. And with it we will close our account of an incident well fitted to deepen the faith and strengthen the courage of all who are fighting and suffering on the side of the Church—

Tell M. Walsh that I am now very near the grave, and when a man has come to that, he does not wish to be guilty of falsehood. *It is true, I gave the Sacred Host to the Queen with my own hands*, and one of my chief pleasures in my old age is the remembrance of that act for which so many good people were associated to pray, and had sought my devoted cooperation and ministry. I should have been unworthy of my position as a Priest if I had hesitated one instant in fulfilling this duty, and accepting the honour and danger of it.

E. B.

The new "Church body:" Its Prospects and its Doom.

It would be a grave mistake to suppose that the Parliamentary disestablishment of the Irish Church is, of itself, a necessary and inevitable death-blow to that institution. It is something to be emancipated from the thralldom of the State, to be free in the exercise of essential rights, and to be delivered from official subjection to a Legislature, the great mass of whose members neither belong to this religious body, nor possess the least sympathy with its aim and objects. State control is an extinguisher of zeal. It likes order and respectability, but it hates doctrine and belief of whatever kind. The Irish Protestants, set free from the trammels of Parliament, are now in a condition to go ahead. Regarded from their own point of view, they have a grand field before them. Hitherto they have been cramped and paralysed by their connection with the State. If you except a few families scattered here and there throughout the country, the great body of Irish Protestants have always chafed under the semi-Catholicism of the Anglican Church. Its Prayer-book was secretly felt to be more Catholic than befitted a Protestant garrison in the midst of a large Catholic population. The Baptismal service, the Absolution in the office for the visitation of the sick, the Saints'-days, the fast of Lent, and other relics of the old religion, have always been essentially opposed to the *feelings* of genuine Irish Protestants.

Such of these as profess to belong to the Church of England may be divided into three classes, omitting, as not worth noticing in consequence of the insignificance of their numbers, those who have adopted High Church principles. This very small section is an anomaly—a far more striking anomaly than the Ritualists are on this side

of the Channel. They have, indeed, very little in common with the London Ritualists. Nothing which in reality partook of the nature of Ritualism would be tolerated for a moment in Ireland. The nearest approach to Ritualism among the High Churchmen of Ireland is the simple chanting of the prayers. This is allowed in the cathedrals as a worldly custom, but it is disliked by the thorough-going religious Protestants. In other churches it is scarcely known. We believe that the prayers are chanted in one Protestant church in or near Dublin, but the introduction of a choral service into that church has always been distasteful to the Protestants of the neighbourhood, and various attempts have been made to put it down. The churchwardens have protested against the practice; several disturbances have taken place within the church itself; memorials have been presented, if we are rightly informed, to the superior authorities. And if the clergyman of this particular church has hitherto kept his ground, and manfully fought for the maintenance of this Church service, as if it really were a point of faith, bearing down all opposition, and triumphing over churchwardens, and parishioners, and deputations, and the Dublin Orangemen, the reason is—not because the singing of the Psalms and prayers is becoming popular with the Protestants in general, but because this particular clergyman happens to be a man of very resolute will, stern, determined, and inflexible in what he considers to be right, a preacher of hereditary eloquence, whose position, abilities, and character command the respect of those who most differ from him, and who, on this account, tolerate in him what they would not tolerate in others. For it is certain, that when an attempt was made in another church in Dublin to imitate in the most feeble manner this gentleman's successful introduction of choral service, it was stamped out at once by the indignant action of the Protestants of the parish. So clear is it that nothing is more foreign to the genius of Irish Protestantism than the most distant approach to Ritualistic practices. The genius of the religion, as well as the circumstances in which it is placed, influence the body at large. So that High Churchmen in Ireland, at the very

best, do not rise above the level of the most moderate in England. High Churchmen they may be in theory, but good sound Protestants they are in practice. In fact, the High Church clergy more nearly resemble Huguenot or Waldensian pastors than they do either Catholic Priests or Ritualistic ministers.

We are therefore justified in setting aside this small section, when we divide the Protestant "Church body" into three classes. These are the Low Church, the Methodists, and the Orangemen. Of course there are many other Protestant sects in the country, some too of Anglo-Irish growth, which have no relationship to the Church of England. But the Methodists, the Orangemen, and the Low Church profess to belong to the Anglican religion. All these, if they would acknowledge it, are entirely out of harmony with the Prayer-book and with the Anglican system in general. It is too Catholic to please them. It is not Protestantism pure and simple, but diluted, toned down to a respectable inconsistency, and varnished over with a sickly gloss of a pseudo-Catholicism. Sojourning in a land of Catholics, and sojourning there as part of the English garrison, the Irish Protestant likes to be the real thing. He does not care for Church, or Bishop, or sacraments, or ceremonies, or Books of Common Prayer. He does not relish the observance of times and seasons. His faith is a simple one. It is not that of St. Athanasius, but it is a parody upon it. With him it is a first principle, that whosoever will be saved, before all things he must be a Protestant. It was Protestantism, the Protestantism, for the most part, of Cromwell, which planted him in Ireland, and to this Protestantism he will be true unto death. This is what he would desire to amplify, to propagate, and to maintain in all its stern simplicity. And the Act of disestablishment renders him free to set about this work with an energy and determination that has hitherto been rather rudely checked in consequence of his connection with the State. He can now rise in all his strength, the chains wherewith he has been hitherto bound having been loosened. The snare is broken, and he is delivered. The Catholic Church may henceforth fear and tremble. Since,

eager for the prey, he goes forth conquering and to conquer. He will get rid of a spurious semi-Catholicism. He will remodel the "Church body" after a more primitive pattern. The laity, not the Bishops and Clergy, shall be its rulers and its judges of doctrine. He has made a beginning. According to the draft of the new Constitution approved of by the "Church Convention" now sitting in Dublin, the Bishops of the disestablished Body are stripped of their patronage, their prestige, and of almost all their special episcopal powers, while a death-blow has been dealt to aspiring High Churchmanship by the substitution of an order of "presbyters" for the Anglican order of "priests." In fact, the feeling of the people would lead them much further towards an open adoption of a modified Presbyterianism, were it not that, according to the opinion of Sir Roundell Palmer, so radical a change would disentitle them to the endowments and other moneys left to, or voted for, the Episcopal Church. This hesitation is only momentary. It is an act of prudence, until the endowments and compensations are actually in their hands. Then the "Church body" will go forward with renewed force. It will Presbyterianise itself, and in this new form it will set about the work of reclaiming the Irish people from the Catholic religion. It will be a missionary Church in future, if it has not been one before. And unlike some very primitive Churches, it cannot be said to start upon its quest of proselytes altogether in need of worldly substance. Although the Irish "Church body" will lose something, it will retain much. It will still be, next to the Church of England, almost the richest religious communion in the world. It will continue to be the Church of the owners of the land of Ireland, the Church of the aristocracy. The majority of the professional classes of the country will still call themselves its members. Obviously, therefore, it begins its new start in life with a very considerable advantage, having freedom, having wealth, and being backed up by the support of no small proportion of the great men of the land. With such assistance it may reasonably hope to do a great work. If it be a religion at all, one might expect it to bring over to

its side the whole country. For suppose the picture to be reversed. Let the country be England instead of Ireland. Imagine the Catholic Church to be in the position in England that the Irish "Church body" will be at the close of this year in Ireland. Like the Irish "Church body," the Catholic religion would be that of a minority in the country. But it would be the religion of a minority which consisted of the most influential classes in England. The aristocracy and the landed gentry would be on its side. The old families, the Stanleys, the Percys, the Seymours, and the rest, who have so long been strangers to the ancient faith, would, on our supposition, be its active children and allies. The Church itself would have immense resources. It would have in its possession all the old cathedrals, Durham, and York, and Canterbury. The shrine of St. Thomas would once more become as glorious as of old. And the parish churches, and Oxford, and Cambridge, would all belong to it—as Dublin will continue to belong to the "Church body." Give the Catholic Church such a footing as this in England, and can any sane man doubt but that in the course of a very few years the whole nation would be reconciled to Rome? Not a hundred years have elapsed since the Church began to recover its freedom, and even now it is in many ways hampered and impeded by unjust restrictions. Its work is in every way uphill work, and yet its successes have been great. In the midst of all its difficulties it has won over to it no inconsiderable proportion of the wealth and the ability of the country. What then would it not do if it were placed in England on exactly the same footing as the disestablished "Church body" is about to be placed in Ireland?

But in truth there can be no sort of analogy between the Catholic religion on the one hand, and the Irish Protestant Church and its successor, the disestablished "Church body," on the other. It is the heritage of the former to increase and multiply; it is the fate of the latter to be sterile, to decay, and to wither. This is the point which we desire to draw out in the present article. It is impossible for the "Church body" to do more than keep itself alive—even if it can do this—and that too

notwithstanding the immense advantages with which it starts upon its new career. It will be propped up by the moral and substantial support of England. It will continue to receive large subscriptions for "Missions to the Irish Roman Catholics." It will possess, of its own, considerable wealth. For a time, at least, it will be aided by a sort of chivalrous devotion on the part of Irish Protestants themselves. It will become, for the first time in its history, a "martyr" church, and as such it will appeal to the pity and commiseration, and charity of all sound Protestants. Yet wither and decay it must. It has an inward cancer, and support it by what stimulants you may, the fatal disease will waste, and burn, and consume it. After hazarding so decided an opinion, it is only fair that we should state the reasons on which this opinion is founded.

I. It is founded, in the first place, on the past history of the Protestant Church in Ireland. All that the ingenuity of man could contrive was done for the encouragement, assistance, and support of the Established Church in Ireland, and done in vain. So completely in vain, that the very same power which ruthlessly imposed it upon the Irish nation has been obliged to confess its error and to retrace its steps. If ever there was a community whose education and well-being and progress was cared for by the State, that community is the Protestant Church in Ireland. Regarding it from a commercial point of view, the cost of the Irish Church has been fabulous. The cost of each individual Protestant in the land is above computation. It is not merely that since the Reformation to the present day all the revenues of the ancient religion of Ireland have been exclusively devoted to the spiritual nurture of the small bands of Protestants which from time to time were imported into the country. These revenues, indeed, were vast, and were they allocated to the individual Protestants *per head*, they would show at what enormous an expense the spiritual nurture of each Irish Protestant has been provided for. But, in truth, these revenues, vast as they have been, are only a fractional part of the actual money value of this favoured bantling of England. To understand the full cost of an Irish Protestant, other facts have to be

taken into account. We will mention them categorically, placing in the first rank of the expense of his spiritual nurture, the vast resources of the Irish Established Church. Then (2.), in the second place, we may put the whole land of Ireland, which was portioned out among the Protestants, while the Catholic people were not permitted to hold an acre which they could call their own. (3.) All the lands, moneys, and endowments set apart for the education either of the higher or the lower classes, were exclusively given to the Protestants, Catholics were forbidden to educate, and Protestants were munificently assisted to do so. They had a University for themselves, and endowed schools, and the schools of Erasmus Smith, and the parochial schools, and the schools of the Kildare Place Society; and, even still, we may add, they have, indirectly, the schools of the National Board, since provision has been made in them that no Protestant prejudice should be offended or disturbed, at the expense of keeping out of the sight of Catholic children all signs and symbols of their own religion. (4.) The law as a profession was for Protestants alone. These were the prizes set apart for the favoured Establishment; the Catholic people were not to touch one of them. Chancellorships, Peerages, Judgeships, and all the innumerable offices of the law were entirely apportioned to the professors of the established religion. (5.) Nor was the army less exclusively sustained for the benefit of this spoilt child. It was maintained for his advantage in two ways. First, as an immense force, at a fearful annual expense, that he might live securely in the midst of a hostile population; and, secondly, for his immediate profit and benefit. For every position in the army above that of the common soldier was reserved for the members of the Irish Establishment. And the same (6.) may be said about the Peerage itself, and the Order of St. Patrick, and every other office of honour and emolument throughout the land. They were all of them kept for the spoilt and petted child of England—the appointments about the Government, the magistracies throughout the country, and even town and village and county post-offices. Last, and by no means least (7.), all situations in the houses of such private

gentlemen as chose to live in Ireland—and they were more numerous then, and of a higher degree, than they are now—the situations of butler, and footman, and housemaid, and cook. From the lowest to the highest Protestantism was the passport, and those who were not Protestants had nothing for it but to remain in the outer darkness. Put all this together, and calculate, if you can, the cost of a single Irish Protestant in the olden time, and you will find that it is no exaggeration to say that he cost far more than his weight in gold. Encouragement and support could go no further. Surely, then, if anything human could have secured the most triumphal success for the Protestant communion in Ireland, this long career of prosperity and this long reign of unblushing privilege would have done so. But in spite of this singular monopoly the system has withered away. It was an exotic at the beginning, and an exotic it has continued until now. Without doubt, Irish Protestantism can boast of converts. A Catholic Bishop fell away when a peerage came to his inheritance. A few very able men—men of great intellectual gifts, saw that no path to distinction was open to them unless they conformed to the favoured religion. Unlike the Patriarch of old, they preferred the "pleasures of sin for a season" rather than "be afflicted with the people of God." Some sizzars and scholars at Trinity College abjured the faith of their fathers, seduced by the free lodgings and free commons, and the few pounds of annual salary, and the political vote, and the hope of becoming fellows, or otherwise rising in the world. These were the converts of the Irish Protestant Church, and some of them were men who in better times would have done good service to the Catholic religion. But, after all, they were but a few ; a score or two of needy or ambitious men made no impression. They did not influence the masses. They did not prevent the decay of the Establishment. In spite of all its privileges and its wealth it dwindled and became feeble, and was finally extinguished by the authority which gave it its birth. From this we may surely argue that, if the Irish Establishment could make no impression upon the Catholic nation when it came to

them with every earthly inducement and temptation to conform, it is not likely now, after its admitted failure, to be more successful.

II. But again we rest our judgment upon a defect inherent in all communities of Protestantism when they are left to themselves. Their only solid bond of cohesion is the power and protection of the State. Take this away, and, as a rule, they will divide and separate. Even before the new "Church body" has been fairly started there are rumours of dissensions and divisions. The High Churchmen among them are dissatisfied, and well they may be, for they have no chance of being even listened to. But others also are uneasy who cannot be ranked among the High Churchmen. That respectable gentleman, the Protestant Bishop of Cork, lamented, in a recent speech in Dublin, and in language coarse and vulgar, such as he has the credit of indulging in, that an attempt was being made to take from the Bishops their position as "the heads of the people." And the Protestant Bishop of Derry, in a dignified and able speech at the same meeting, ventured timidly to observe that "the danger was, not that the Church would petrify into an oligarchy, but that *it would dissolve into a rabble.*" The danger is real and imminent, for the old Puritan leaven strongly impregnates Irish Protestantism. The Puritans were democratic and revolutionary; and although in politics, owing to special circumstances, the Irish Protestants, as a class, are Conservative, in religion they are *au fond* Democrats. They love the old Puritan platform. They do not care for Bishops; they do not believe in Orders. The people is the Christian Priesthood. They have, as they think, St. Peter's words for it—"Be you also as living stones, built up, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." This belief they have allowed to lie dormant so long as England maintained an Establishment for their exclusive use at the expense of the Irish nation. But now that they will have to support their own religion they seem resolved that it shall be one after their own hearts, divested of all hierarchical assumptions, simple, and plain, and democratic, as in the old days of

Cromwell and the Roundheads. Without doubt this is the rock against which the untried barque of the new "Church body" will be most likely to strike. And it will have as much as it can do to guard against the dangers of such a collision. Its hands will be full. It will need no ordinary wisdom to enable it to steer clear of this impending danger. And if it does escape at all, it will be so weak and so enfeebled as not to have much life left in it. Like a man just snatched from drowning, or, more correctly, like some of the Irish poor themselves escaped from the famine fever, it may live, but it will have no strength. It may live an object of pity, but not an object of fear. Yet we would not press this reasoning too far. One of the most able of its own Prelates admits the danger, and would guard against it. He sees the possibility, or the probability, of this new "Church body" degenerating into "a rabble," and every one else must see the same. Yet a probability is not a certainty. There is a counterpoise to this democratic Puritan tendency. This "Church body" is still linked on—partly by the very Act which disestablishes it, and partly by its most obvious temporal interests, to the Church of England. And it may therefore be confidently predicted that so long, at least, as the Anglican Church continues to be an established religion, and does not itself split into three or more conflicting communions, so long the Irish "Church body" will restrain within safe limits its spiritual republicanism, and continue to preserve the shadow of an episcopal Church. England will still be a support to it, and under the shelter of her protection it may not only remain compact, but may even be able to carry the war into the enemy's camp, and continue to harass him, as heretofore, with "Missions to Irish Roman Catholics," and distributions of tracts, and exhibitions of offensive placards in the streets of Dublin, and with "Birds'-Nests" and "Model Schools," and with the thousands arts and snares by which it has hitherto compassed land and sea in order to make one proselyte.

III. But if, from one point of view, union with the English Established Church be a probable security against immediate religious anarchy, it must, in another direction,

become an unavoidable source of weakness. It is a well known fact, that the Protestant population of Ireland has diminished in far greater proportion than the Catholic. And there are many reasons why we may expect the Protestant body to decrease still more. Not to speak of emigration to Canada and America, England—and London especially—affords to Protestant families greater advantages and a wider career than they can find at home. The Civil Service and the Medical Departments of the Army and Navy are largely recruited from Ireland. The Established Church too has lately given some of its best prizes to clergymen of Irish birth and education. Some of the largest churches in London are filled by Irish clergymen. These are generally men with popular manners, ready of speech, and Evangelical in their views. They seldom fail to succeed; their religious tone being sometimes a little warmer than that of their English brethren, while their “views”—and especially their anti-Ritualism—go down with churchwardens and vestry-men and the general mass. However, it would be a mistake to suppose that the Irish clergymen are always of the Evangelical school. On the contrary, some of the most extreme Ritualists in England, and some too of the leaders of the party, are men of Irish birth and education. Yet the majority are Evangelical; and it is to this, chiefly, that they owe their success and their popularity. Now it is not too much to suppose that, if the Irish Protestant clergy have managed to make such good positions for themselves, even while they had at home a rich ecclesiastical Establishment, they will come in greater numbers when that Establishment is no more. It may be taken for granted that almost all the High Church party will migrate; at least, all the young clergy who are just beginning life. For there will be absolutely no opportunity in Ireland for the diffusion of the peculiar principles of that division of the clergy, once the new “Church body” is in working order. And as they will come in greater numbers, so they have, even now, a wider career before them, owing to the unwillingness of so many Oxford and Cambridge men to take Orders in the Anglican Church.

The general distrust of the Anglican Church consequent upon its religious divisions, and the scepticism to which these divisions have given rise, is, to some extent at least, the reason why so many young men who, under other circumstances, would have entered its ministry, now prefer almost any other line of life. But there is no scepticism in Ireland—at least, not to any extent. The Protestants of Ireland are thoroughly in earnest. They may not know exactly what to believe, but still they try to believe something. They come into real contact with the Church, and, in spite of themselves, are indirectly influenced by the very religion to which they are most opposed. And, therefore, although the Church has not as yet won them over to her side, she has so far sheltered them from the evils of their own system that, excepting in those parts of Ireland where Presbyterianism has become Arianism, as they call it, or more properly Socinianism, the Protestants do not profess any scepticism. They still cling with unwearied steadfastness to the "religion of the Bible." And so far as they receive the Bible as the true written Word of God, and profess to believe all that it contains, they are to be praised. Still, their very fidelity to Protestantism—strange as it may appear—tends to weaken and destroy that religion in Ireland. There is an opening in England for an earnest and popular body of Protestant clergymen. Protestantism is going out of fashion with the higher classes; the Universities foster indifferentism and scepticism, rising above the level of doctrinal Protestantism. The people, however, continue Protestant, and are likely to remain so. Hence, in a commercial point of view, there is a good and increasing market in England for active, fluent, and attractive young clergymen, either moderately High or decidedly Evangelical. Whereas the market in Ireland is falling; the prizes are being diminished. The position has been changed; the "sphere of usefulness" must therefore be changed likewise. Alas, so true is it that so long as you have Apostolical poverty on the one side and a rich Establishment on the other, even the most devoted of Irish Protestant pastors will be imperceptibly drawn to the Establishment. Has it not

been written, that "where the carcase is, there shall the eagles be gathered together?"

But when the most promising and the most earnest of the pastors return to the land from which they got their religion, what will become of the flock? Why, they must do the same. And, in point of fact, they are doing so. The Irish aristocracy live chiefly in England. The largest landed proprietors scarcely ever visit the country from which they draw so much wealth. Almost all the children of the higher classes are educated at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or Rugby; and consequently it is natural that, living, as they do, for the most part, in England with their families, and being brought up among English associates and at English schools, these children, as they grow up, should have fewer and fewer sympathies with Ireland and its people, whether Catholic or Protestant. It would be strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. Education, habit, association, Parliament, and society, all tend to draw the Irish Protestants back again to the country from which so many of their fathers went forth as Cromwellian "planters." And nothing can check this exodus of attraction and of interest. It may, indeed, be said that the same causes operate upon the Catholics themselves, and to some extent they do. But the Catholics are part of the mass of the people; they are naturally more at home in a Catholic land. And although several of the higher classes among Irish Catholics also send their children to England for education, still there are so many various influences at work, that unless they become mere nominal Catholics, and are spoilt by the most contemptible of all affectations, the ties which bind them to Ireland become in no way weakened. And those Catholics who come to England either for the education of their children or for other reasons, are, after all, a mere fraction of a large Catholic population, who are too firmly rooted ever to be perceptibly diminished. In a word, the Catholics are the people—the Protestants are the settlers. The destiny of the former is stability; the fate of the latter is to return whence they set out. Thus it is that Irish Protestantism, left to itself, must decay. It

does not suit the climate in which it has been planted. It yearns for its original home; and self-interest persuades it to preserve its religious traditions in a land more congenial to its growth. It came over to Ireland resolved to carry everything before it. Powerfully was it backed: Mahomet himself could not have used more remorselessly the sword and all the other weapons of compulsory conversion. But, in spite of all, its course has been retrograde. For many a long year it has been retreating step by step. Some future historian may hereafter depict in graphic terms a second retreat of a second ten thousand; for certain it is that physical, moral, social, and economical reasons are compelling, and will still more strongly compel, the Protestantism of Ireland to preserve its existence by migrating to England, and thus ceasing to be Irish. When personal interests so strongly tend in one direction, religious or polemical considerations will have little weight in another. Otherwise, it would not be unnatural to suppose that the "Church Convention" and the new ecclesiastical legislation would have a tendency to check absenteeism and to keep the Protestants at home. Certainly we observe that several Protestants of high position are attending the meetings of the new "Church body" who are not frequent visitors at Dublin. This "Convention" may be looked upon as a sort of domestic spiritual legislature, a revival, in a modified form, of the old Irish Protestant Parliament. So far as the "Church body" is concerned, the Union is repealed, and Dublin has a chance of becoming a more lively capital than it can now pretend to be. But a few ultra-Protestant Peers will not bring back again a state of things that has passed away. They will soon tire of the "Church Convention." The "rabble" will shortly have it all its own way, and the moderate counsels of men like the Duke of Abercorn will not be listened to. In a word, nothing can turn the tide. The interests of many classes are all tending back again to England—the interests of the rising clergy, of the nobles, and of the Protestant middle class. We could point to many families who were once Irish, but who have practically ceased to be so within one or two generations.

A body so small as Irish Protestantism cannot afford so continuous a defection and so rapid a migration. Its own children leave it to return to the parent-land. There is no fresh plantation, and it is not likely that there ever will be. The fate therefore of the "Church body" is inevitable; dwindle it must, and wither and decay. Dr. Cumming himself, or his immediate successor, may yet preach the funeral sermon of Irish Protestantism, taking for his text the words of the parable—"Behold, for these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and I find none."

IV. It may be urged that, in taking this gloomy view of the future prospects of the Irish "Church body," we are wilfully and maliciously shutting our eyes to the work of proselytism which meets with so much encouragement in various parts of Ireland. But we can honestly say that, if we are blind and ignorant, these defects are not the results of any wilful intention to exclude light and knowledge. The "Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics" is one with whose reports and with whose operations we have some acquaintance. It has an income of twenty-four thousand pounds and upwards. This income is expended annually in the erection of mission-houses, in the support of "missionaries," in the encouragement of "Scripture readers," in the maintenance of no inconsiderable number of Catholic children, induced to put on Protestantism, and in other acts of proselytism, which, perhaps, are best passed over in silence. The society is active, bustling, consequential, and energetic. It has its annual meeting in London, its public speakers, its report, and its catalogue of successes. And we do not deny that it has had its successes. It is no small proof of success that it has induced the old ladies of England to contribute four-and-twenty thousand pounds annually, more or less, towards the difficult work of detaching the Irish people from the Catholic faith. And it has met with success, too, of another kind. It has got hold of a certain number of Catholic children, chiefly orphans, whom it guards in its various mission-houses, and whom it rears up in Protestantism. It has made inroads, too, upon whole districts in the West of Ireland, and in the time of the

famine, and at other seasons of unusual distress, it contrived to make many converts. But when the famine ceased and the distress passed away, the Protestantism of the converts passed away likewise, leaving, however, one effect of the former conversions which is not easily effaced. The people who thus trifled with their faith in a time of distress are now, indeed, Catholics once more, but they carry about with them a sense of degradation, and a consciousness of the dishonesty of their past conduct, not unlike the uncomfortable and uneasy feelings experienced by those who had, for a time, fallen from the faith in the persecution of Diocletian. And there are some amongst them who are still base enough to trade upon this system of pseudo-conversion. Many of these are the Scripture readers themselves, who receive good salaries, for that part of the world, in exchange for speaking against the religion which they secretly believe. We have seen several of these men, and they are almost all apostate Catholics. And it is only required to look in their faces to discern what spirit they are of. During a recent visit to the West of Ireland, one man, an old man, was pointed out to us as being remarkable for the bitterness with which he assailed the Holy Mother of God. He was a Scripture reader, and as such was in receipt of a salary of fifty pounds per annum. He chanced to be taken violently ill, and thought himself on the point of death. Forthwith he dispatched a messenger for the Priest. But the symptoms becoming mitigated, and his hopes of living having revived, he was afraid of losing his salary, and accordingly sent a second messenger to tell the Priest not to come. We have seen this conscientious preacher of Protestantism, and we can vouch for the truth of the story. Such are the successes of the "Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics," but whether they are worth the expenditure of so many thousands a year is a question which we must leave to the judgment of the supporters of that society. Conversions of this kind entail the loss of many souls. They lead men to make a gain of religion. They accustom a certain class of ill-conditioned minds to practise the most despicable species of hypocrisy. They degrade men in their

own eyes, and prevent them from being able to have any sort of self-respect. They make them bad and treacherous Catholics, without in reality disturbing a single conviction of their minds, and if all this be success, the "Irish Missions" have had, no doubt, a moderate amount of such success. Where they have done the most is with the orphan children, whom they have incarcerated in "Birds'-Nests" and similar establishments. But even here their fruit is small. Many of the children return to the faith as soon as they have escaped from the vigilant care of the missionaries and the readers. This is especially the case with the boys. The girls are less easily reclaimed. They obtain situations in approved Protestant families. They are cajoled with fine dresses, and petted and made much of. In this way it is often rendered more difficult for them to come back to the faith. Yet, after all, they do not amount to any large number. They are the waifs and strays of the Catholic religion—greatly to be pitied, because, poor children, they have been kidnapped before they could know right or wrong. But even with these the probabilities lie so strongly on the side of their ultimate return to the faith, that if the future prosperity of the Irish "Church body" is to depend upon the results of "Missions to the Roman Catholics," we remain fully justified in having drawn a gloomy picture of its coming career.

V. Nor is the prospect much more bright by bringing it into contrast with the solid Catholic progress which is energising in every part of Ireland. It would be impossible within the limits of an article to give even a faint outline of the immense work which the Catholic Church is doing throughout the land. But there is one point to which we think it right to refer, and which is, humanly speaking, the most sure guarantee for the triumph of the Catholic religion in Ireland over every system that can be brought to bear against it. We can argue from what the Church has done already to what she can do in future. We need go no further back than the date of the Emancipation Act. With her chains only half removed, and with every social, and with almost every political, influence

against her, she had to provide churches, schools, colleges, Priests, and teachers, for a people who had been left almost untaught, because there were no schools suffered to exist legally, except such as were intended to corrupt their faith. Moreover, these people were only just beginning to recover from the terrible effects of the fearful struggle of 1798. The Church had to bring them once more into order, to keep them quiet, to stand between them and oppression, to bring within their reach the ministrations of religion, to give them a Catholic education, and in various ways to watch over their interests spiritual and temporal. It had to do all this, unsupported by any State assistance, and without the help of large endowments. Men who knew Catholic Ireland in 1829 would scarcely recognise it in 1870. They would find the same faith and the same loyalty to religion, but they would be amazed at the vast change in the fortunes of the Church itself. She was then beginning to rise from her ruins. She has now diffused the blessings of education and religion all over the land. The education of the poor is practically in her hands, as well as the education of the middle and higher classes. There is scarcely a town in Ireland which has not its convent in which education and every work of mercy has its appointed place. Then there are prosperous Colleges, and large schools, adapted to the different classes of society. If any one would form some idea of the work that is going on in Ireland, let him visit the fine schools of Cork and Limerick under the Sisters of Mercy, or the Jesuit College of Galway for the sons of the middle classes, or the convents of Clifden and Westport, or the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, and St. Vincent's Hospital of the Irish Sisters of Charity, and the large Catholic schools, and the asylum for the blind, and the orphanages, and the other numerous works of charity carried on in Dublin and elsewhere. Let him pass from these to the churches themselves, and see how they multiply, and how, even on week days, they are filled with devout worshippers and with daily communicants. Let him go to Clongowes, or to Rathfarnham, or to the convent at Bray. He will be amazed at the power and at the fecundity

of the Catholic religion in Ireland. He will understand how great a gain it is to the Church to be backed up by the mass of the people as distinguished from any one section of a nation; and there is only one conclusion at which he can arrive, namely, that the Catholic Church, which has already effected so much against fearful odds, has in the loyalty and in the devotion of her people an inherent source of strength which can scarcely be exhausted. Its future, therefore, presents itself to us in very bright contrast to the triste and doleful future of the "Church body." The one must increase, while the other must decrease. There is only one obstacle and only one danger that appears to lie across the peaceful path of the Church's progress, and which, if allowed to grow to a head, would no doubt be a grave calamity. We allude to political divisions, resulting in the alienation from religion of one section of a people who have hitherto proved to the utmost their loyalty and devotion to the Church. There are a few dark clouds hovering over the land at the present hour. But they will not, we trust, last long. They will soon be dispelled. Prudence, and charity, and duty, and faith, will not be wanting in this time of excitement and transition. After a long winter and a hardy spring, the bright summer of the Catholic Church in Ireland will not suffer itself to be kept back. Its sun will shine forth, and its sweet and gentle influence will soften asperities, compose difficulties, and cause a period of social and political uneasiness to be succeeded by a reign of peace, order, and contentment. The patience and the long-suffering of the past will be followed by the goodwill and tranquillity of the future. The Church will act upon Protestant and Catholic alike, and the more liberty it enjoys, the more effectually it will work for the spiritual and temporal interests of all. Many will feel its influence who do not now admit its claims. It will distance all competitors and all pretenders in its hold upon the affection and devotion of the mass of the nation. And this gentle and benign control will always be exercised in the cause of faith, and justice, and true patriotism.

VI. This leads us to the consideration of the last reason

on which we found our belief in the waning fortunes of the Irish "Church body." We have said that the Catholic Church influences many who do not now admit its claims, and any one who has had practical experience of the difference between the Presbyterian portions of the North and the Catholic counties of the South, will call to mind many instances of this indirect beneficial influence acting upon the Protestants dispersed here and there throughout large Catholic districts. Several of the poorer class of Protestants are continually submitting to the Church, and our readers may remember a remarkable Letter or Pastoral published before the passing of the Irish Church Bill by the Protestant Primate, in which he stated his conviction that one result of the disestablishment of the Irish Church would be to send most of the poorer Protestants back to Catholicism. This is quite true. No sooner will the question of Catholic or Protestant^e cease to be a question of caste than the Church will gain immensely. Nor will the conversions be restricted to the poorer classes. No doubt the ideal Irish Protestant is not the sort of man who could easily be won over to the Catholic Church. And for this very reason, perhaps, he will be all the more likely to see the truth and become a good Catholic, when political and social prejudices no longer obscure his judgment. There is no danger that he will ever play with Catholic doctrines and practices as our Ritualistic friends in England are in the habit of doing. He has, at present, a very clear apprehension of the wideness of the chasm which separates the Church from all forms of Protestantism. His judgment is not likely to be warped and his imagination deceived by a pretence of Catholicism which is not the real thing. The habitual attitude of his mind keeps before him the obvious fact, that if the one religion be true the other cannot. And so far, the question being restricted to a plain and simple issue, becomes more easy of solution to honest minds aided and assisted by divine grace. Already we hear from time to time of conversions among the higher classes of Irish Protestants. The Society for Irish Missions to the Roman Catholics acknowledges itself to be impeded in its peculiar work by

such conversions. "We have also," one of its missionaries remarks, "in this neighbourhood (Portarlington) had to contend against another great difficulty; I mean the perversion to Romanism of some of our aristocracy, through the influence of English Ritualism. This, of course, in more ways than one, acts as one obstacle to our progress. Continually," this missionary adds, "are we reminded, in carrying on the work, that our own strength is perfect weakness." There are times when conscience forces men to speak the truth. No doubt their strength is signal weakness, and as time goes on this weakness will become more and more distressing. These conversions are only now in their beginning, but they will increase as the influence of the Church itself becomes more widely diffused. Obstacles are being removed—political interests, animosities of race, and theological prejudice. As one after another of these long-cherished impediments gives way the power of the Church will be extended, and conversions to the faith will be more frequent. So that the greatest blow which the Protestantism of Ireland will receive at last will come from the gentle attraction and Christianising influence of the ancient religion.

Such, then, is the doom of the new Irish "Church body." Wherever we look we behold signs of decay. Its children, drawn by the most powerful temporal interests, will gradually migrate back to England. If the Anglican Church protect and foster it, in the very sincerity of its love, it will draw to itself the best and ablest sons of its Irish sister. The Catholic Church will attract to her communion both rich and poor, and the "Irish Church Missions" will find it hard to preserve even a remnant. For a time, indeed, if the Irish "Church body" does not become "a rabble," it will continue to be an influential and respectable minority. But this minority will gradually subside into one still smaller. The days are not far distant when this community will bear a closer resemblance to the active and intelligent "Society of Friends" in England than to the haughty Church of the ascendancy. And we do not wish it a worse fate than this. As long as it has property and endowments it will have its members and representatives.

Time will reconcile them to their altered circumstances. With the destruction of the Church of the ascendancy their own dreams of ascendancy will vanish away. They will become an industrious and intelligent body of men, conscientious in their profession of Protestant opinions, tolerant in their bearing to others, contented to take their place as almost the smallest of sects, and taught, if you will, in a school of very modified adversity, a truth which they refused to learn in their day of privilege, namely, that it is possible for men, even amid most grave and most important differences of religion, to live together as members of the same nation, and, without sacrifice of upright principle, to work with one another for the common weal.

W. G. T.

The Tutorial System at Eton.

WE need hardly press upon our Catholic readers the advantage of a more than superficial acquaintance with the time-honoured educational establishments of this country. Unhappily, not only is such acquaintance proverbially rare except among their own alumni, but even they usually find it difficult to impart to others the information which they themselves possess. In the same way it has been remarked that it is a well-nigh hopeless task for a foreigner to glean from books alone any adequate idea of the British Constitution. He must either come and live himself in England, or at least live frequently with Englishmen, before he can possibly comprehend that combination of democratic freedom with monarchical institutions, of a spirit of independence with an instinctive respect for authority and law, of practical progress with an apparent servile reverence for prescription and precedent, which is our characteristic. In like manner it is very seldom that we meet with any who have not received their education at one or other of our great public schools or Universities, or at least come into frequent contact with such as have, who thoroughly understand their respective organisations. For the fact is that, as they now exist, each of those institutions is like that Constitution to which we have compared them, the result of a series of gradual accretions, extended over a lengthened period of years, inexplicable on any one philosophical principle, often seeming antagonistic to one another, but yet contributing, in spite of many glaring defects and inconsistencies, to produce—as far as the interests of this life are concerned—an eminently practical and successful whole. And this consideration, coupled with that of the great diversity of personal experience in the various characters that crystallise into sets within their walls—sets almost as separate from one another as a family is from its next door neighbour in a London street—is sufficient to account for the failure of almost every book which has as yet attempted to pourtray to the outside world modern public school or university life, as well as for the exaggerated reports on these subjects which have appeared from time to time in

Catholic periodicals, and given rise to much needless and mischievous criticism.

We venture therefore to think that any original information on such subjects, especially if based upon the varied experience of many years, will on general grounds be not without its value, and on professional grounds even interesting. And we make no apology for selecting that of Public School Education, nor, as the limits of an essay prevents us from treating it as a whole, for confining ourselves in this paper not only to Eton, but to the one most striking feature of the system pursued there. So, in the words of the great Athenian statesman when reviewing the Constitution of his country, ἀπὸ οἷας τε ἐπιτηδεύσεως καὶ μεθ' οἷας πολιτείας μεγάλα ἐγένετο, ταῦτα δηλώσομεν, νομίζοντες ἐπὶ τῷ παρόντι οὐκ ἂν ἀπρεπῆ λεγθῆναι αὐτά.*

The feature which we are disposed to characterise as the secret of the success of Eton, is what is called the tutorial principle. To Etonians of course, and some other public schoolmen, this term is familiar enough; and the assignation of it as the key to the government and discipline which trained them for after life is obvious the moment the connection of the two as cause and effect is pointed out to them. With the majority of outsiders, however, such is not the case. And consequently, if they reflect at all on what appears to us a really remarkable phenomenon, they are at a loss to account, or they account by the supposition of the existence of a Draconian severity, now happily extinct, for the fact of a body of eight hundred and fifty boys of the proudest and most independent blood in the United Kingdom living in the most perfect subordination and contentment, acting in the main on a high principle of honour, giving less trouble to their masters, and doing more and better work for them, than at other schools theoretically far better organised.

We do not of course deny that there are other elements which contribute materially to this result. We are aware that the atmosphere of feudal and ecclesiastical antiquity which still hangs about the walls of Eton, that the prestige of a long and splendid history, that a traditional tone, that royal parentage, that wealth, and gentle blood with its instinctive sense that *noblesse oblige*, are not without their influence in bringing it about. But we think that these are integral rather than essential features of the system, without the adjuncts of which it would be shorn indeed of its beauty and perfection, but not deprived of its inherent strength. We argue this from the case of Winchester, on the model of

* Thuc. ii., 36.

which Eton was founded, which gave to Eton her first superior, and which enjoyed almost all the advantages to which we have just alluded. Yet in spite of all her grand associations, in spite of the beauty of her site, and of the ecclesiastical splendours of the cathedral, under the shadow of which she seems to nestle, in spite of the refinement of her sons who bear stamped on their exterior her golden motto, "Manners makyth man," Winchester had, a few years ago, in consequence of a bigoted resistance to all change of her comparatively rough and antiquated traditions on the part of her authorities, sunk into comparative insignificance, and only began to regain her numbers when she condescended to borrow from Eton the principle of which we speak, thus giving her *matre pulchra filia pulchrior* a not unwelcome opportunity of repaying her cherished and venerated parent her meed of nurture. It is upon the tutorial principle that is based the real strength of the Eton system—a principle which, while reserving to the Head Master the almost absolute control of the public studies and discipline, yet enhances the position and influence of the other masters by making them not only his assistants, but also at the same time almost independent superiors each of the private arrangements and instruction in his own house—a principle which combines in the happiest manner the advantage of unity of government with that of divided responsibility, and which consequently ensures at once the stability and efficiency of the school, by preventing it to a very great extent from depending mainly by the personal good or ill success of its chief, and therefore far less liable than others, which either do not adopt it, or adopt it only in a modified form, to considerable fluctuations in its numbers. Rugby, for instance, which rose to such a height under the administration of Dr. Arnold—after William of Wykeham, the second founder of English public school education—declined under that of Dr. Goulburn, the present Dean of Norwich; and Harrow, which had fallen down to seventy under the Head Mastership of Dr. Wordsworth, now Bishop of Lincoln, rose to between five hundred and six hundred under his successor, Arnold's favourite pupil, Dr. Vaughan.

We have said that the Eton system was the result of a series of gradual accretions. The tutorial principle is one of them, never indeed contemplated by the saintly founder, but growing out of accidental circumstances which speedily followed his foundation. In order therefore to understand it thoroughly we must go back some four hundred years and trace it to its source, and through the course of its development; and, if we study the

beautiful statutes of the Sixth Henry, we shall find that on his adaptation of those compiled for Winchester by William of Wykeham, his main object was, in addition to establishing a staff of Priests to sing Office and say Mass in perpetuity for his soul, to provide a gratuitous training in grammar for seventy boys, the best of whom were to be drafted every year to the sister College at Cambridge, where they were to complete their education for the Priesthood, and form a learned and religious congregation. For these seventy boys he appointed two Masters, who, however, were also to teach for nothing any others who might come and seek instruction at their hands from any part of England. Whether any availed themselves at once of this proviso does not seem certain. That some did as early as the reign of Edward IV. is proved by one of the Paston letters written by one such Eton boy, and curiously enough, giving a specimen—and, as it stands, a very sorry specimen it is—of the Eton versification of the period. From the fact of their having to lodge where they could in the town, these externs were called Oppidans, to distinguish them from the seventy Foundationers, whom they in turn termed Collegers, because lodged and fed within the College walls.* In course of time they became more and more numerous, and at last swamped the original King's scholars as well in numerical as in social importance. It was impossible therefore any longer for two Masters to do justice to them without Assistants, and Assistants could not be obtained without the prospect of a salary, for which no provision was made in the statutes. In addition to this, it was necessary to find a remedy for the obvious mischiefs which gradually arose from a number of young students living promiscuously, and without any domestic supervision, in the town. To meet this double emergency the Head and Lower Master, or the *Magr. Informator*, and *Magr. Ostiarius*, as the statutes call them (we mention these titles in order to point out the derivation of the modern term "Usher"), were empowered to appoint each his own Assistants for the Upper and Lower School respectively, with permission to take or build houses in the immediate

* The King's scholars were afterwards nick-named either simply "Tugs," from the ecclesiastical or scholastic *toga* which they wore, as they are still, obliged to wear, or more contemptuously "Tug-muttons," from the toughness of the meat which till within a few years was their only fare for dinner; the Oppidans looking down on them for their inferiority in point of birth or wealth, but at the same time jealous of their intellectual superiority, precisely as at Oscott the A.B.C. regarded such of their schoolfellows as happened to be Church boys.

neighbourhood of the College, in which to receive as boarders on the payment of a handsome fee the sons of such parents as could afford and chose to incur the expense. In a short time so great were found by experience to be both the moral and intellectual advantages secured to those who availed themselves of this plan, that the number of boarding-houses rapidly increased with the consequent increase of scholars, and the lodging-house system died a natural death.

At first the Assistant Masters merely boarded those who sought the shelter of their roofs, their boarders receiving all their instruction in the public classes within the College. Such, we believe, is still the system at Westminster. By degrees however—whether from an unselfish and not unnatural interest in those with whom they were thus brought into such close relation, or from an instinct of competition, or from a keen-sighted appreciation of the surest means of improving their own position and influence as a body—some of them supplemented the public lectures by private tuition to the boys who lived with them, ensured the preparation of their lessons, gave them hints for and corrected their compositions, and encouraged their successes with rewards. The results of this experiment were so satisfactory that others followed their example, and at last the practice became compulsory on all. Even the Collegers were obliged to attach themselves as private pupils to one or other of the Assistant Masters, and this authoritative recognition of the system consummated the revolution which made Eton what it is.

We are all more or less aware that Oxford and Cambridge are not single Colleges, but Universities composed of a number of Colleges, intimately connected with them, yet independent of and often in healthy rivalry with one another, like the States which of old formed the Panhellenic Confederacy, or the Cantons which at this day compose the Swiss Republic. Each has its own bye-laws and organisation; each is stamped with its own peculiar character, and stamps it in turn upon its members. We know that, while the University provides a staff of Professors to give public lectures, the real drill-work of instruction is performed by the College Tutors; that, while the University prescribes the curriculum of study and maintains the standard of the education which she professes to impart by her absolute control of the Examinations, it is in their separate Colleges that the undergraduates follow out the one and are prepared for the other. We understand that, while the University supplies the arena for distinction and display, the moral and social training

of the individual student depends mainly on the lore, and the tradition, the Tutors, and the set of men in their own College. Now, *mutatis mutandis*, this is precisely the state of things brought about at Eton by the final triumph of the tutorial principle. She no longer remained, so to speak, a single school; she became in form a federation of small schools, a kind of University with a group of some twenty-five or thirty Tutors' houses clustering round her Ecclesiastical Foundation—something like a number of Hodders,* with the College for their centre. And such she remains still. It is true that the standard of instruction and work depends in a very great degree upon the requirements of the Universities, and is maintained by the annual appointment of independent Examiners from thence for the chief objects of ambition. Apart from this, the Head and Lower Masters are absolute and supreme each within his own sphere. They are each "Prefects of Study" and "Prefects of Discipline" in one. On the one hand they control the curriculum of study, keep in their own hands the Examinations on which depend the places, and teach the top class in the Upper and Lower School respectively. On the other, in all general regulations their will is law, and it is by them alone that its outraged majesty can be avenged by the infliction of corporal punishment—an arrangement which, however unpleasant for them, greatly increases *its* efficacy. They have the nomination of their Assistant Masters, whose business it is, in return for a small salary of from £200 to £300 a year, to aid them in carrying out the general discipline of the school, and to teach a public class, and so form what we may term the Federal Government, or University.

Were this the only feature of their office, they would be merely the creatures of the Head Master, as they are in some other schools, entirely dependent on him, comparatively poorly paid, and therefore less efficient. They would each combine in a modified form as his representatives the offices of Prefect and Master, but nothing more. As it is, they are Tutors also. That is, in addition to their federal or public capacity, they are each the almost absolute and independent superior of his own separate establishment, within which he is not only Prefect and Master, but, standing in *loco parentis* also to his boarders, is their protector when in trouble, their counsellor when in perplexity, the recep-

* Hodder House, so-called from its commanding situation on the bank of the beautiful tributary of the Ribble, is a house about ten minutes walk from the College at Stonyhurst, which contains a distinct establishment for the fifty or sixty youngest and smallest boys.

tacle of their confidences, the medium of all communication with their homes, the director of their moral and intellectual training ; in a word, in the highest sense of the term, as far as such a sense is possible outside the Catholic Church, their educator. From having them under his own roof for several years, he has peculiar opportunities of watching the growth and varieties of their respective characters, and of giving each its proper bias ; while, from the knowledge and experience thus obtained he can adapt his mode of treatment to their different temperaments. The public discipline on the contrary cannot take cognisance of such individual idiosyncrasies ; and consequently, whilst a boy pays the Head Master or the Master of his public class the homage of his respect or fear, to his Tutor he gives his confidence and affection. Again, it is to his Tutor that a boy must apply in all his wants. The Tutor's consent is indispensable for the validity of even the Head Master's permission of leave of absence from a single duty. The Tutor's signature alone gives currency in school to his pupils' compositions. And thus it is that, as at Oxford and Cambridge, it is the College rather than the University that forms the undergraduate, so at Eton, in spite of the advantages of his position, in spite of his necessarily superior abilities, the Head Master's personal influence over the minds and hearts of his boys, even of his own immediate class in school, is not to be compared with that of their respective Tutors ; and, consequently, if the staff of Assistants be efficient both in ability and earnestness, the numbers of the school will be, as we have said, independent of his good or ill success. Indeed we doubt very much whether such distinguished Head Masters as Dr. Vaughan, or Dr. Temple, or even Arnold himself, would have exercised half the influence or gained half the reputation at Eton that they acquired and wielded at Rugby and at Harrow.

The advantages of this system are obvious. In the first place, from the prestige attaching to such a position, as well as from the amplitude of their income, which allows them, after paying the expense of their house, to nett on an average some £2,000 a year, it secures to the Head Master a constant supply of able Assistants, for the substantial payment of whom he is not himself personally responsible. In the next place, and this is a most important point, it combines unity of direction with variety of instruction. The former is provided for in some of our own schools by the plan of making each Master rise with his class, or, in other words, take one set of boys through the various

classes, say from Rudiments to Rhetoric. The latter is secured in the great day-schools in our large towns, where the Masters remain stationary, teaching the same fixed classes the same subjects year after year, and only promoted on the occasion of a vacancy to a higher class, while the boys pass under them in succession, remaining for six months or a year with each. There is of course much to be said for either of these arrangements. In the former case the Master would know well the capacities and characters of each of his pupils, and be able to adapt his teaching and treatment accordingly. He would be able to educate to a great extent as well as to instruct them. His influence would be a moral as well as an intellectual one. On the other hand, it is notorious that every Master has his peculiarities, his own particular point of view, his hobby, which sometimes he rides to death. After a while his fund of knowledge becomes exhausted. His pupils, or the best of them, have learned nearly all that he has specially to teach them, and can guess beforehand what he will say on any given subject. But every branch of knowledge, and especially the classical, is many sided, and, like a diamond, not only has many facets, but will also bear an infinite variety of setting; while of Whewell alone, the late distinguished Master of Trinity College, Cambridge (who is reported, by the way, to have been the son of a Clitheroe blacksmith), could it in a certain sense be said with truth that "science was his forte, omniscience his foible." It is a question, therefore, whether almost as much is not lost as gained by the former of the two methods, and whether a boy would not learn more, and have his mind opened to a greater variety of ideas, and be far better instructed, by passing under the successive teaching of a series of different Masters, one of whom would perhaps train him chiefly in taste and elegance of composition; another in neatness and accuracy of translation; a third introduce him to the refinements of etymology; a fourth develop the collateral matter of the books read, and impart to him what so few boys do acquire—a thirst for knowledge, a healthy spirit of inquiry, a love for poetry and history for their own sake.

The Eton system, by the adoption of the tutorial principle, combines the two. The Masters, as we have said, hold a double position. As the Head Master's Assistants, they have their fixed public classes, in which they are simply his representatives, obliged within a certain latitude to teach what and as he may prescribe, and through which each boy gradually passes, picking up, if he choose to avail himself of the golden opportunity, something

of the speciality of each Master, during the six, twelve, or eighteen months he may, according to circumstances, stay with him. At the same time they are also, as we have shown, almost independent superiors in their own houses, in which, free from the necessary trammels of the school routine, they themselves find the amplest scope for their own individuality, while their private pupils, who remain as boarders in the same house during the whole of their stay at Eton, prepare all the work for the public classes under their 'Tutors' eye, construing over their lessons to them, and getting all their compositions corrected by them before taking them into school; and besides, have all their school work supplemented by whatever amount and kind of what is termed "private business" their Tutors, who have the absolute direction of them in this respect, may think proper. And thus, while enjoying the advantage of remaining under the personal supervision of the same Tutor, who educates while he instructs him, during the whole of his school career, an Eton boy does not lose that of the action of a variety of cultivated minds upon his own, while his exertions are not unfrequently stimulated by his being brought into competition with his Tutor's other private pupils, as well as with his class-mates.

In the third place, this double capacity of Assistant Master and Private Tutor not only necessitates the appointment generally speaking of none but able men, but also constantly maintains their efficiency. For, however low an individual Master's public class may chance to be, some at least of his boarders, who, no matter what class they may be in, remain, as we have just seen, his private pupils during the whole of their career, will be in the highest parts of the school; and again, should he be teaching what at Eton answers to Poetry or Rhetoric amongst ourselves, some of his boarders will be as low as Rudiments or Grammar. So that each master has practically to teach, not one class only, but some four or five—his public class in school, and the different sets in his pupil-room, and consequently to combine the power of correcting Greek Iambics and lecturing on Thucydides or Tacitus with the patience requisite for drilling lads of eleven or twelve in the merest elements of Latin versification and Greek accidence. Not that each Master is not better adapted to one portion of the work than to another, or that they can all teach every part with equal success. Still a Master who is constantly practised in the rudiments of Greek and Latin will necessarily be more exact in their application to the higher subjects; while it is generally, we think; allowed that the more

a person is master of any science, provided he possess the art of teaching, the better—from the firmer grasp he possesses of them, and his wider acquaintance with their relative importance—will he instil the most elementary principles of it into the minds of others. And it is probably in consequence of thus having just as able men to teach the lowest as the highest classes, and never putting before her boys any but the highest standard of scholarship, that Eton engenders in them that classical instinct and refinement, which, from a habit that has become to the cleverer lads a sort of second nature, and makes them shudder at a false quantity or solecism, much as a fervent Sodalist would at the thought of a mortal sin. But besides this, as the Tutor's pupil-room is the drill-ground for the parade of the public classes, the Tutor's explanations of difficult passages, the Tutor's illustrations, the Tutor's corrections in his pupils' themes and verses, become to a certain extent the subject of the criticism of the Masters in school, as well as the performances of the boys themselves; and this not only makes him, if sensitive of his reputation, very careful not to pass over a single mistake (were he himself to introduce one or two from time to time it would not be forgotten), but also spurs him to the exertion of introducing into their compositions a *purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter pannus*, well knowing that, even if not appreciated by a careless pupil, it would not escape the ken of his observant colleague for whom it was eventually destined. Again, as the Tutor's reputation depends to a considerable extent on that of his pupils, and his income on his reputation, it is only natural that, with a view to his material, if not any higher, interest, he should be led by the spirit of rivalry and competition to ensure as far as possible their success.

But, fourthly, the spirit of rivalry and competition arising from the subdivision of the school into twenty-five or thirty minor schools tells not only on the Tutor's work, but on the external conduct of the boys also. For the elder boys at least, and such as are actuated by a sense of self-respect, feel not only that the prestige attaching to the school attaches to each and all its members, but also that the credit of the house in which they board reflects upon the boarders in it, and that it in turn is materially affected by their own individual conduct. While therefore they take care themselves to do nothing unworthy its name or their own, they are generally ready to cooperate with their Tutor in preventing the younger or less thoughtful from compromising either by breaches of those conventional laws,

δοι ἄγραφοι ὄντες αἰσχύνῃν ὁμολογουμένην φέρουσιν. Indeed it is through them, but especially through his captain, that the Tutor to a great extent manages his house, as it was through his Sixth Form that Dr. Arnold managed his whole school, and in return he admits his captain to a large, and his other leading boys to a proportionate, share of his confidence, which reacts on their devotion and loyalty to him. And all who have been school-boys will admit that, while the higher and bigger boys know what is going on in the school better than either Prefect or Master, the smaller and lower boys stand in greater awe of the former than of the latter, and their administration is consequently more effective. And thus it is that Etonians are led not only by a common interest in the fair fame of their common "Alma Mater" to adopt a high standard of honour and external conduct, but also by the additional incentive of their individual enthusiasm for their house and Tutor, which feeds and heightens it.

Lastly, the vast preponderance of the influence of the Tutors over that of the Head Master, and the fact that that influence is confined to the circle of their own pupils, prevents the Head Master as well as any one Tutor from stamping his personal character on the whole school, and so changing its traditional tone. And again, once more. The subdivision of the school into a number of parts, each from the circumstances which we have described easily and highly disciplined, contributes materially to the really marvellous discipline of it as a whole. Instances of insubordination and direct disobedience are very rare indeed; and, if a boy becomes in any way troublesome to the Master of his public class, a word from his Tutor generally brings him to reason without the necessity of having recourse to extremities. It is represented to him that he is bringing discredit on his house as well as on himself, and this appeal to his loyalty is seldom made in vain. For his Tutor's sake he will even submit to an unreasonable demand on the part of another authority. And, with respect to corporal punishment—which we think ought only to be resorted to as a last resource, and the recourse to which, however necessary, seems to us to argue in the majority of instances the *moral* defeat of the authority who is obliged to fall back upon physical force—a most wholesome rule is now enforced which at once diminishes its frequency and strengthens the hands of the Tutor—the rule that no Master can report a boy for that purpose to the Head without first communicating by note or personally with the boy's Tutor. The Tutor has not indeed an absolute veto in the matter, but it often happens that from his

more intimate knowledge of the character of the individual boy he can assure his colleague either that the offence was not intentional, or that the punishment would do the boy more harm than good, or that, if he would leave the matter in *his* hands, he will speak to him in private, and guarantee that there should be no future ground of complaint. And in this way he would exercise his legitimate influence; he would become what his title proclaims him, his pupils' protector, as in point of fact he does frequently become if any of his boarders get into debt, or any other serious scrape. Besides, by this means, the punishment can be remitted without derogating either from the authority of the Master in school, or from his reputation for impartiality. Indeed he not unfrequently has recourse to it as an expedient for keeping up an appearance of severity, and at the same time saving him from the disagreeable alternative of having his sentence carried into execution.

The one practical disadvantage of this principle as at present carried out at Eton is the overwhelming demand it makes on the time of the tutor. It would be practically impossible for him so to carry it out but for the long and thrice-recurring holidays. It necessarily involves the inefficient discharge of some work on the part of every Tutor: it leads to that of a good deal on the part of some. It prevents all from adding as much and as constantly as they ought and otherwise might to their store of acquired knowledge, and from gaining a reputation for themselves and the school by any important contributions to literature or science. This however might be greatly modified by restricting the previous construing in pupil-room of the school lessons to the lower classes; it soon will be so, if we mistake not, by the abandonment of verse-making as a general and necessary part of the whole school curriculum. Save the Tutor the correction of the worthless productions—if indeed they be the productions—of the boys who never can compose, and you at once relieve him of a load of labour, which is not only useless, but which also prevents him from rendering his other work at once interesting and therefore twice as useful both to himself and to his pupils.

Such is the secret of the Eton system: a system deficient, it is true, for the main end and purpose of a Christian's life, but still universally acknowledged, in spite of all its imperfections and faults (and they are both numerous and glaring) to be pre-eminently successful as a practical training for this world, and in imparting a versatility and pliancy of character, a capacity for the reception of any kind of special instruction, and a power of adaptation to the requirements of any future career. But, if

it be thus successful, it cannot be otherwise than interesting and useful to know the principle upon which it mainly rests. For, even if we gain no practical hints from such knowledge, we shall at least be saved in our conversation or writings from mistakes on the subject, as unfortunate and mischievous as those which a superficial acquaintance with the two great English Universities has so often caused in Catholic writers.

J. W.

Orpheus and Eurydice.

THE world was in its May-day prime,
The woods were spread with lily-bells,
Hymettus hill was thick with thyme ;
The nightingales in thorny dells
Sang luscious trills of melody,
Which shaped their sounds, it seemed to me,
“ Eurydice, Eurydice ! ”

Bright Orpheus came with zither then,
Caused flowers to bloom and leaves to spring,
Narcissus, almond, cyclamen ;
While still in circling, widening ring,
The links of witching melody
Went whispering round, it seemed to me,
“ Eurydice, Eurydice ! ”

He left that spring-tide world so bright,
For dreary Hades' realm of gloom ;
That silver music, soft and light,
Wrought rest to all the souls in doom.
The black-browed monarch, even he,
Look'd calmly on Eurydice,
A look which seem'd to smile—“ Be free ! ”

“ Now listen, wiling minstrel,” cried
The Lord of Night. “ If thou canst win
The topmost peak of yon hill-side,
And not look back on dool and sin ;
If thou wilt bind thyself to be
Thus manly, steadfast, true to me,
Thou shalt regain Eurydice.”

Then rushed that blue-eyed, gold-haired bride,
She twined her arms about his neck,
She wept and plained, she wept and sighed,
Her tears, like pearls, her face did deck.

And while she held him, still did he
Weave round her wiling melody,
Still sang that word—"Eurydice!"

"Go forth," she cried, "be true, be brave,
Go forth and win the fadeless wreath;
Let us mount upward from this grave,
Ah! let me flee this living death.
O look not back, dear husband, see
The reddening dawn is calling thee!
O free thy bride, Eurydice!"

"I will, or die," the minstrel cried,
And sprang with zither up the way;
He breasted the steep mountain side,
Till dawn grew on to brighter day.
Soon should the peak be won, and he
Then set his bride for ever free,
Eurydice, Eurydice!

And ever as he goes the sound
Of that sweet lute floats down the wind,
It seems to heal that parting's wound,
To cheer her heart, to lift her mind;
For still as further, further he,
Still sweeter floats that melody,
Still faintly calls, "Eurydice!"

The peak is won! Aye, won at last,
The sun shoots up above the tide.
Then Orpheus turns one look to cast,
Upon his gold-haired, ransomed bride!
Oh, lost is that great victory!
The sun is darkened suddenly,
Woe, woe to sweet Eurydice!

She cast her arms above her head,
She uttered one despairing wail;
Then Orpheus, mad with grief, down sped,
To snatch that form so marble-pale.
He held her fast, he stooped to see
Those eyes in which so tenderly
Died out his life, Eurydice!

To quail to wound her for her health!
To shrink to leave her for long gain!
Ah, earthly-tender, squandering wealth,
To save one obol's-fee of pain!
The calm stern Gods have writ the fate,
In thee and thy love-shattered mate,
Of love too rashly passionate!

The Dialogues of Lydney.

CHAPTER XVI.—AN EVENING OF STORIES.

I BELIEVE that the game of stories in which Julia Towan Moore led us to take part that evening was not played by us according to the strict rigour of its rules. They seem to have been made for persons who are ready to improvise at a moment's notice on any subject, as the teller of the first story is supposed to have the right to dictate to the person who is to come after him the subject on which he is to speak. This might be all very well for Julia and the little circle of admiring young authoresses whom she delighted to gather round her, but for us staid folk, who had no practice in composition, it seemed a little too hard. So when we submitted to her empire for this one evening at Lydney, Gertrude made the stipulation that we should be allowed to choose our own subjects, and even that a story out of a book which was new to the audience might do service in the place of an original tale. When the lots came to be drawn it turned out that Don Venanzio was to begin, that Clara was to follow him, then Lloyd, then Julia, and then Gertrude. The rest of us were left to follow if there was time, but we didn't get through the game, much to my relief, as my readers will see.

We gentlemen had been talking after dinner of the state of religious faith on the Continent, as to which Towan Moore had rather a low opinion. He had lately seen a good deal of a friend of his who had been travelling in Italy, and had brought back a very sad account of the irreligion and bad morality which he had seen and heard of. Don Venanzio had answered him very quietly, though I could see that he was full of very deep feeling on the matter. He had spoken of the great efforts that had been made to deprive the Church of her influence with the people, of the vexatious persecution which was kept up against her Bishops and Priests, of the dissolution of monasteries and convents and the proscription of Religious Orders, of the indecencies and profanities that were set before the people on the stage and disseminated with extraordinary activity by the press. The great object was, he said, the corruption of youth, and this was sometimes pursued

in the most unblushing manner, even by the deliberate introduction of immoral influences into schools. Still, he maintained, not only was the heart of the people sound, but there had been a strong reaction, which had showed itself, as he was informed, by a very remarkable frequentation of the Sacraments and by a crowding to the sacred services of religion such as was before unusual. But he acknowledged that the evil had now been working for a great number of years; indeed, that it dated from the early years of the present century. I suppose it was this train of thought that led him to tell us the story which he did.

"I will tell you a little incident," he said, "which happened within my own knowledge and in my own part of the country, some years before I had to leave Italy. It illustrates, to some extent, our conversation just now, because it shows that there are many who profess themselves outwardly indifferent to religion, and even wanting in faith, who yet are not so free from what they would call superstition as they seem. A friend of mine had been out shooting—we call it *la caccia* in Italy, but you would despise it very much, Signor Lloyd, for it consists in the destruction of very small birds, and is altogether childish if compared to what goes by the name of sport in England—and in the course of a day thus spent he had come across a rather surly dog, whom he had tried to soothe by patting and stroking him, without much success, though the dog had not actually flown at him. He came home, and thought nothing more of the matter, until after a few days he was told that the dog had afterwards turned out to be mad, and had been destroyed. He began to be terribly alarmed as to a very slight scratch which he had received while stroking the dog, and about a week after the incident he, too, was found to show unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia. Poor man, he lingered for some time in terrible suffering, and at last died, having been waited upon very constantly and tenderly by a young Priest of his acquaintance, who was with him to the last. He had a good many friends in the neighbourhood, and among them were several physicians and professors of the University of M——, which is in that part of the country. He had mixed freely in society, after his usual manner, in the interval between the day of the *caccia* and that on which he was taken ill. This fact produced the greatest alarm among his friends. Not one of the physicians whom he knew would go near him, and it would have gone hard with him for any comfort or assistance that his state admitted of if it had not been for the young Priest whom I have mentioned.

"At that time, I am sorry to say, there was a good deal of

Voltaireanism among the professors at that University. They did not teach infidelity openly, but they did not teach religion, nor did their practice do much to supply the lack of their teaching it. These men made a particular display, at least in private conversation, of their disbelief in anything miraculous. They talked a good deal about the uniformity of the laws of nature, and the great improbability of any such interference with them as is implied in prayer being made to a Saint, for instance, under any emergency, and then the *grazia*, as we say in Italy, being granted. Well, it was certainly amusing to see how these men took this case of hydrophobia. It happens that there is in the Kingdom of Naples, not very far from Capua, a shrine famous for the relic of an old Saint, which is believed to have the power of preserving those who have venerated it, or who possess anything that has touched it, from the terrible malady of which I am speaking. I have never been to the place, but I have heard the most curious accounts of it. The power of the relic is said to extend not only to hydrophobia, but to all cases of venomous bites or stings, and no noxious reptile is able to enter the sanctuary. I am told that on the Feast-day of the Saint, the people get all the mischievous reptiles they can find and carry them in procession in his honour. What is certain is that the case of my poor friend very much increased the devotion to this San Domenico among his acquaintance. There was a sort of pilgrimage organised among them—philosophers, physicians, professors, and all, as many as had had any intercourse with him after his accidental encounter with the dog—and they went off with great haste and apparent devotion to procure the protection of the Saint against the possible consequences. For some time after that we had much less talking against miracles in the society of that part of the world. I fear the anecdote will hardly pass muster as a story, but it is the nearest approach that I am at present capable of."

"What became of the young Priest?" said Lloyd. "Did he join in the pilgrimage?"

"No. He told me that he went to consult his confessor, a worthy Jesuit, on the subject. The Padre told him that though he had been in so much more danger than all the others, he did not advise him to have recourse to San Domenico. Our Lord, he said, would never let him suffer for an act of charity. He is alive and well now, and is *parroco* of a very nice church. I heard from him only a few weeks ago."

"Now Clara," said Gertrude, "it is your turn."

Clara Lancaster had been rather silent at dinner. I think that

she was expecting to hear of her father's engagement, that she dreaded it very much without having any very definite idea of what it might bring forth to her, and that Julia's chance allusion to the subject was weighing upon her spirits. She began to make excuses, and was much relieved by Charles Kingshill when he suggested that she might read us a story, if she could find one which we had never heard. It so chanced that a perfectly new volume of Spanish stories lay on the table, into which we had not had time to look, and of which Julia and her husband had not heard. She selected a very characteristic tale. I call it characteristic, not of her, but of the country from which it came—a country in which the Catholic faith has been ingrained into the very marrow of the people's thoughts, by long possession and by centuries of conflict with the Moors.

The story in question forms only one of the very many attractions of the book in which it occurs, and although it may not be new to many of my readers I make no apology for quoting it at length, not only for its own sake, but on account of its resemblance in some respects to another tale with which Lloyd afterwards, as I may say, "capped it."* It is called—

"WHERE ONE CAN DINE, TWO CAN DINE."†

IN the days when our Lord walked on earth, it happened that one day He and St. Peter found themselves far from any city or village, on a bleak and desolate plain. Weary and footsore, it was with great delight St. Peter descried at last a light from a woodman's cot. "Lord, let us rest here, let us pass the night under this shelter," said St. Peter.

They knocked at the woodman's door; he was a good-hearted old man, and he welcomed the belated travellers with no grudging greeting. He heaped up the dry faggots, and made the hut shine like a gilded palace with that brilliant blaze which no wood throws out like that of the olive-root; and such humble fare as he had he set before them without stint.

The bleak wind moaned without, through the lofty *alcornôques*,‡ and rattled the ill-fitting door. But presently, above the moaning of the wind and the clatter of the planks, they heard a hand knocking outside. The woodman opened, and was rather taken aback to find two more wayfarers at the door. "Never mind," said St. Peter, "it's only some of our people, it's all right, 'Where one can dine, two can

* Mr. Lillicote is here quoting from the collection of Spanish stories called *Patrañas* (Griffiths and Farran, 1869). The volume was published towards the close of the last year. We fear that there is thus a little anachronism in his statement—such as may perhaps be found in other passages of his "Dialogues"—for the scenes at Lydney Lodge appear to have taken place early in the autumn.

† "Un convidado convida a ciento."

‡ Cork-trees.

dine.” A little embarrassed, the woodman scratched his head, as he thought of the slenderness of his stores, but made no opposition, and the strangers passed in. The wind moaned on, and another knocking came. The woodman opened, and found two more guests standing without. St. Peter, who had fancied he had heard the soft voice of St. John murmuring a favourite canticle as he passed, rose to see who it was, and soon recognised the waving hair of gold of the youngest Apostle. “All right,” said St. Peter, “let them in, they belong to our party too, ‘Where one can dine, two can dine.’” The woodman, more and more puzzled, stood by and let them pass. He had hardly sat down when another knock was heard above the storm. With his habitual readiness, the woodman opened, and found two more strangers begging admittance. St. Peter, who seemed to have a natural aptitude for the office of door-keeper, once more encouraged him to let them in, assuring him they all belonged to the same party; and after another knock, the number of the Apostolic College was complete.

The woodman looked wistfully at the empty table. He was the most hospitable of woodmen, and gave his last crumb without a grudge; but he was aghast at the thought that for the thirteen guests who had honoured his roof, there was not sufficient to help round; and he slunk away quite ashamed at the apparent but unavoidable stint.

Then He Who first came in with St. Peter, rose and gave thanks, then broke the bread, and passed it round, and called on the woodman to come and take his place among them. With fear and trembling the woodman sat down, and with fear and trembling he saw his few barley-loaves and his few grapes and fruits pass round and round till all were filled, and there remained over and above to them that had eaten a larger provision than he had ever seen under his roof before; but he durst not ask *who* was his guest, knowing it must be the Lord.

Then they lay down and slept, each wrapped in his travelling mantle, and in the blaze of the olive-root fire. In the morning when they rose to depart, the woodman, alarmed at what he had seen the night before, durst not ask them whither they went, but let them depart in silence. St. Peter, however, remained behind, and after thanking him for his hospitality, told him to ask what boon he would, and he would grant it. The woodman was a man of few wants, and after he had thought a minute, he answered that he was content with his humble lot; he did not want it changed. His only amusement was now and then a game at cards, when the season of wood-felling or any other chance brought an accession of companions to his hut for a few nights; and it would be a pleasure if he might always win whenever he played.

St. Peter looked grave; he did not much like giving an encouragement to card-playing; but then he considered the poor fellow's irreproachable character, his life of privations, and moreover his own unconditioned promise to grant his request, and finally, that each success, while it would do no harm to the well-regulated old man, would serve as a discouragement to all the other players; so he ended by giving his consent, only reserving one condition, that he should never play for stakes sufficiently high to injure his companions; and then hastened on to join the rest of his party, who had made some way while he was parleying.

“Fortune is certainly for those to whom she comes,” moralised the woodman when he was left alone, “and not for those who seek her.”*

* La fortuna es por quien la encuentra y no por quien la busca.

How many are there who would have given their ears for such a chance as I have had to-day; and it is given to me, who, being already gifted with content, want for nothing!"

Time passed on, and the woodman, being a just man, never abused the favour he had received, which however served, by the satisfaction which success always confers, to cheer his solitary life. At last the time came when the measure of his days was full; and resigning his spirit to the care of his Lord, it was carried by his Angel to the realms above.

Now, all through his life it had rankled in his mind that he might have made a better and less selfish use of the gift St. Peter had bestowed on him, when now, for the first time, it occurred to him how to apply it. Then he turned to his Angel, and begged him to stop on his way, at the bedside of the first poor dying man they passed whose soul was most in danger of being lost. The Angel, who desisted some charitable design in the request, bore him to a room in a great city where an *escribano** lay at his last gasp. The demon of avarice sat on his pillow, straining to clutch the passing soul, while his young son and a Clergyman knelt beside him, entreating him to be reconciled to God. "Caramba!" exclaimed the woodman, "surely, our Lord died for all, without even excluding *escribanos*!" As the good Angel hovered over the bed, a gentle sleep fell on the dying man, and the demon relaxed his watch.

"Come, now," said the woodman, "you can't do anything while the man's asleep, let's have a game at cards to wile away the time." "Agreed," said the demon, for cards being invented by his crew, he thought himself safe to win; "but how shall we manage about the stakes? You see you've had to leave your pocket behind you, so how will you pay me?" "I'll stake you something better than money," replied the woodman. "What say you to staking my soul, which is on its way to glory, against this *escribano's* soul, of which at best you are only three parts sure?" "All right," said the demon, who thought it one of the best chances he had ever had.

The woodman let him cut and shuffle and play what tricks he liked with the pack, secure of his success; and in less than half an hour his triumph was secure. The demon could not believe his eyes, but could not, either, deny his defeat; so, putting his tail between his legs, he laid his ears back† and disappeared through the floor, quite ashamed of himself.

While this was going on, the *escribano* had awoke from his refreshing sleep; freed from the solicitations of the demon of avarice, he no longer refused the ministrations of the Minister of the Church, but had expressed his contrition for the sins of the past, and was ready to depart in peace with God and all the world.

When the woodman arrived at the gate of Paradise, accompanied by the soul of the *escribano*, St. Peter called out, "Who goes there?" "I, of the hut on the bleak moor," replied the woodman.

"Yes, you I know," replied St. Peter; "but you don't come alone—who is that black soul with you?"

"No, señor, I don't come alone, because I thought God loved to see men in good fellowship. This poor soul is only black because, being an *escribano*, some of his ink has stuck to him."

* A kind of notary or attorney, who is spoken of in the popular language of Spain with as much abhorrence as the "publican" in the Gospel.

† *Agachó las orejas*—a metaphor which readily suggests itself in a country where donkeys and mules are so much in use.

"There's no admittance here for *escribanos*," replied St. Peter, "so creep in alone."

"Nay, señor; but I said not so when you came to my hut on the bleak moor and brought other twelve with you. Doesn't 'Where one can dine, two can dine,' hold good here also?"

St. Peter could not say nay, so he turned his back while the woodman took up the soul of the *escribano* on his shoulders, and crept in under the shade of the eternal groves.

I think that Julia was rather inclined to bridle up when she heard the beginning of this story, in which our Lord was introduced. To my own mind—though I should be sorry to lay down the law for others—there is a certain charm about these old familiar legends, which seem to show how the people among whom they prevail realise the fact of the Incarnation. It is no wonder that such sentences as "I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in,"* should write themselves on the minds of people who saw our Lord in all those with whom His providence brought them into contact, and who lived, as it were, in the light and glow of the new atmosphere which His Presence on earth has left behind it, in anecdotes such as that which forms the beginning of the story I have just quoted, and that then the native humour of such a people as the Spaniards should tack on to this or that anecdote a practical commentary such as that contained in the story of the *escribano's* soul. It is not at all impossible that there may have been a distinctly didactic purpose about the commentary in its origin; at all events it would bring home the power of such virtues as the hospitality of the poor woodman to many hearts which were not open to direct exhortation. That part of the story reminded me a little of the *Legend of Old Misery*, which I read some years ago in the pages of my friend the Editor. There is something of the same moral and practical purpose at the bottom of some of the extremely humorous Neapolitan stories, a few of which have been caricatured and exaggerated by Alexandre Dumas in his *Corricolo*. Still, I fear there are many good people in England, and especially among Protestants such as Julia Towan Moore, who do not relish these things much more than some Catholics among ourselves relish the familiarities and seeming extravagances of some Italian devotions. I was a little relieved, therefore, when Towan Moore, who had not noticed his wife's looks while Clara was reading, clapped his hands in genuine delight at the end of the tale. "Racy of the soil!" he exclaimed.

* St. Matt. xxv. 25.

"There's a thoroughly Spanish humour about it. Julia, we must get that book, certainly. *Patrañas*, is it called?"

"Yes," said Charles, "I am glad you like it, for some people might not. It reminds me in one respect of what some one whom we all revere has, I think, said about the miracles in the Bible and certain mediæval miracles. Some of the latter are objected to on *à priori* grounds as being too grotesque to be true. They look like *scherzi* of some good Angel, and it is supposed that therefore they must be fictitious. Then comes the answer, out of which I see no escape, that if the stories of Balaam's ass or Jonah's whale were recorded by mediæval annalists instead of by inspired writers, they would be objected to on exactly the same grounds. Now I really must say that the answer of the Syrophœnician woman about the dogs picking up the crumbs which fall from the children's table, seems to me to be exactly parallel to this little *mot*, that 'Where one can dine, two can dine.'"

"The story we have just heard," said Lloyd, "reminds me of a short anecdote related to me the other day by a good Irish friend of mine who manages an Orphanage at Greenwich—one of our best Orphanages, Mrs. Kingshill, though not so well supported as it ought to be. I made him write it down, and have it upstairs."

He soon returned with it, and read as follows:—

Close by a holy well near Castleconnel, in the county of Limerick, I met, many years ago, a middle-aged man who was very nearly blind. Two young boys were with me, the sons of a gentleman in the neighbourhood at whose house I was on a visit. I had always, even in my Protestant days, a devotion, or more properly perhaps, a liking for holy wells, and these boys offered to take me to the celebrated well near their father's place. The blind man, or the half-blind man, for he could see a little, was intelligent and earnest. He came frequently to pray at the well, and he related to me many instances of miraculous cures. The conversation between us lasted for some time, and led from one religious topic to another. At last he said something about our Lord and St. Peter, or according to his pronunciation, Saint Payter. I well remember the story he told, and the way in which he introduced it.

"Did our never hear tell," he said, "of our Lord and Saint Payter?"

"No," I replied, "will you have the kindness to tell me?"

"Well, your riverince, once upon a time our Lord and St. Payter were travelling, and after a long day's journey they entered a wood where they were overtaken by the darkness. Seeing a light in the window of a small cottage in the wood, they made towards it, and opening the door, asked a night's lodging for the love of God. The poor man, the owner of the cottage, received them kindly. He gave them such food as he had, and they slept comfortably on the ground. Early the next morning our Lord and St. Payter prepared to proceed

on their way. They wished the man good morning, and thanked him for his hospitality. But our Lord did not give him anything. St. Payter waited a little, and when he saw that the man was not about to receive anything, he turned to our Lord and said, 'You ought to do something for him.'

"I think not. It is better as it is," was the reply.

"It's a shame for you," answered St. Payter. "You *must* do something for him."

"Very well, then," replied the Person addressed. And calling the man to Him, He told him to go into a certain part of the wood, and that there he should find a piece of money.

"They both then took their leave and went on their way. The following year our Lord and St. Payter were travelling as before, and came to the very same wood. But in place of the poor cottage there was a grand castle. They knocked at the door, which was opened by a powdered footman.

"Can we have a night's lodging here?"

"The footman stared in amazement. 'Master is at dinner,' he at length said, 'and cannot be disturbed.'

"Will you go in and tell him that the same travellers who were here last year have come again, and ask for a night's lodging?"

"The footman went away, delivered his message, and returned very quickly.

"Master says this is no hotel, you must seek a night's lodging somewhere else.' And with these words, he slammed the door in their faces.

"There was silence for a few moments. At last says our Lord to St. Payter, '*I told you so.*'"

I listened with great interest to the half-blind man as he told this legend, and I was admiring both the simplicity with which he told it, and the very reverent manner in which he always mentioned our Lord. But when he gave the moral of the story in the words, "Says our Lord to St. Payter, '*I told you so.*'" it was impossible not to smile. The smile was quite involuntary, but it had done its work. The half-blind man shut up at once. I could not get anything more from him. He had sight enough to detect my smile, and he took me for a Protestant minister. "Good morning, your honour"—no longer your riverince—"God bless you and your childer."

So I went back to my friend's house rather crestfallen, having only recently come from Rome, where, at the Apostolic See itself, I had received Holy Orders. And yet, owing to the unfortunate smile, which was unfairly taken as a proof of incredulity, in my own country, and amongst my own people, my Orders were denied, and I was still regarded as a Protestant. "God bless your honour and your childer," rang in my ears all the day after, mocking, as it were, my sacerdotal character.

W. G. T.

"I think," said Charles Kingshill, "that the way in which the old man took offence was highly characteristic. Of course the words '*I told you so*' conveyed no ludicrous impression to him. I remember something like it when we were in Italy. We were visiting, you may remember, Gertrude, the *Carceri* of St. Francis. To my mind, indeed, of all the shrines connected with the memory of that *glorioso poverello*, as they call him, that

one of the *Carceri* has the most perfectly sweet and restful atmosphere. Well, there was an old *Frate* there, whose business it was to show the place to strangers. I went there twice, two different years, I think, and he told the story each time in exactly the same words. There is a crucifix there, I think, in one of the chapels, which is connected with a legend of an old friar who went to pray before it after a hard day's work, and fell asleep. He is said to have been roused by the figure on the cross leaning down and giving him a *gentilissimo schiaffo*, telling him that that was not the place to go to sleep. I remember smiling at the simplicity of the good old man as he told the story, and he gave me a truly *gentilissimo schiaffo* himself, in the form of a rebuke for what he thought was my incredulity."

CHAPTER XVII.—A LETTER ABOUT OBER-AMMERGAU.

WHEN Lloyd had finished his story, Julia's turn was come, and a black bag was produced, out of which came a portfolio in which the manuscript of her next new work was carefully stored up. As this tale has not yet been issued, it would be quite unfair for me to forestal her publishers by quoting here the chapter which she read to us. She told us that her object was to rouse the interest of her readers in some of the Anglican missions to the heathen in the southern seas, which are carried on by men of very great personal worth, some of whom have sacrificed great prospects at home, where they might have been among the most eminent of their generation in the Protestant ministry. There is certainly little of that extreme laxity of doctrine, and still less of that greed of gain about them, of which we have heard so much in books about Protestant missions. They are assisted very largely by well-to-do persons in England of the theological school to which Julia belongs, but I must confess that I have never heard anything of the results of their labours among the heathen that gave me any idea that they were successful in making Christians, though they have not been without their use in introducing some kind of civilisation. In fact, I can imagine no more convincing instance of the very wide difference between Catholicism and the phase of Protestantism which is almost the most like it of all—for Ritualists, of course, have nothing to do with missions to the heathen—than that which is to be found in the contrast between the accounts of Catholic Missionaries either of past or present times and the narratives of these Anglicans of whom I speak, who are certainly the very best of their class.

However, such as they are, they seem to interest Julia and her friends exceedingly, and in the work of which I am now speaking she has founded a certain part of her tale upon letters which she has received from one of these missionaries. The chapter which she read to us contained an account of the landing of one of them, with his wife and a small party, on an island which had been visited by them a year or two before, on which former occasion they had taken away with them ten or a dozen native boys, whom they had "educated" in the colony in which their chief station is placed. There was an adventure with some danger in it in consequence of the double fact that half of these boys had died, and that this was indiscreetly communicated to the natives, and also that they had lately been exasperated by the outrageous behaviour of the sailors of an English ship which had touched at the island for purposes of barter. The party, moreover, had to spend the night on the island, the little vessel in which they were sailing about having had to slip out to sea in consequence of a sudden squall. But I mustn't begin to tell the whole story, which ended happily, with a nice description of the "hearty" performance of the Anglican "evensong" service on board the ship by the rescued party. I have no doubt it was very "hearty."

We all thanked Julia very warmly for her chapter, which was very pleasantly written, and which she read very effectually. I had been wondering what my cousin would do when it came to her turn. She is very fond of reading, she has a perfect instinctive taste in literature, and her letters are very clever. But I was sure that composition was not her line, and, besides, she would be far too shy to produce even before friends anything that she had written. I was getting rather nervous myself, as my turn was to come after her's, and I could think of nothing whatever to bring out unless it were the tale of my friend Jack Wilton's fortunes, in which I had lately been taking a great interest in London, and which my readers will have to hear something about by-and-bye. I shall have to say presently how Apollo preserved me on the occasion of which I am speaking. My own nervousness, however, did not prevent me from feeling a sort of amused curiosity about Gertrude, and she gave me a glance or two which showed that she understood my solicitude, though she did not seem very much frightened herself.

"Now, Gertrude," said Julia.

"You know I am no authoress," said my cousin, "but as it happens I have something to read to you which will quite satisfy all my obligations if it only interests you as it has interested me.

You may know that at a small town in the Bavarian Tyrol, called Ober-Ammergau, it is the traditional custom to represent very solemnly every ten years the chief scenes of the history of the Passion. As the period comes round in 1870, there seems to be just now a good deal of interest about the matter, and the letter I have received is being sent round to various friends by a lady who was present at one of the last representation in 1860."

As a good deal has been written lately on the subject of the acting of the Passion at Ober-Ammergau, I may forbear from quoting the whole of the letter which Gertrude then read to us. The representations take place several times in the course of every tenth year—beginning in the spring and going on into the autumn. The actors are the peasants of the village, and the parts are very carefully learnt beforehand. The "Christus"—the man who personates our Lord—must be a man of the most blameless life, and it is considered a great honour to his family when he is selected. The representations last for seven or eight hours.

The stage was in the form of an immense semicircle. The tableaux took place upon a sort of inner stage, the only part that was covered in; the outer one, where the "Angels" stood, and the broad passages, where the followers of the High Priests and the crowd of people generally remained and went and came, were not under cover, and the effect of the high mountains rising just behind the stage was beautiful. There was a balcony at the upper part of either side of the inner stage, where the High Priests appeared to the people; but there was no changing of scenery during the representation.

The tableaux here spoken of precede the scenes of the Passion, and are taken from typical events in the Old Testament, each tableau referring to the part of the Passion which is immediately to follow. The following description is given of the opening of the drama—

On Sunday morning the confusion, as you will readily imagine, was almost overpowering: what with having to hear Mass, to get something to eat, and to be at the theatre about two hours before the time appointed for the commencement to secure the places—eight o'clock was the hour named. I slept until about three o'clock, when I could sleep no longer. Shortly the guns began to fire at intervals, as they had done the previous evening. I rose, and lighted a little spirit-lamp and made some tea. After a very hurried breakfast, we went to Mass about half-past four; an immense crowd of people in the church. About six o'clock we went to take our places. The theatre was already crowded; but through the kindness and attention of the old man in whose house we stayed while at Ammergau, we got most delightful places. In the same *loge* was Cardinal de Reisach, who had also come from Munich. We sat watching for eight o'clock in a most anxious state of expectation. But how can I describe it when

it did begin? After the firing of several guns, we heard the softest possible strains of music; several violins together, but played in an almost mysterious way, not to break the utter silence too suddenly. Then the sounds became more distinct, you made out a dull monotonous air, and yet it was unutterably plaintive. After a time this ceased, and the "Angels" appeared upon the stage. These were, I think, fifteen in number. Some of them were the most classic-looking beings I ever beheld; they were beautifully dressed in most exquisite colours. They walked forward in the most solemn manner—seven from one side of the stage, eight from the other, and formed a semi-circle in front of the stage. They declaimed partly, and partly sung, what was to follow, at the commencement of every scene, in a plaintive sort of chant, with most melodious voices; then they withdrew, half of them turning to the right and half to the left, with great dignity and order.

The first scene is the entry into Jerusalem—

The crowd entered singing and waving branches, and at last the "Christus" (our Lord) seated upon an ass. When I saw that, I felt so bewildered by the whole that I scarcely know how to explain what I thought of it. The "Christus" was a tall, slight, dignified-looking man, with a long black beard and long black hair. His robes were of rose colour, or a very light crimson, and light purple. He wore them in a most graceful manner, and moved about very quietly and with much simple dignity. After the entry into Jerusalem, you see him in the Temple, with a sort of whip, chasing the dealers out of it; then the rage of the High Priests. These latter are very numerous, and magnificently attired in velvet and gorgeous gold embroidery; the great crowd of people always following are also very picturesquely dressed. The curtain drops, and the "Angels" appear again in the same order as before, explaining the next tableau and scene, chanting and speaking as at first.

I may give another extract—

The scene where the "Christus" is taken before Herod is a very grand one. After many sendings backwards and forwards before the different High Priests, at last Pilate condemns him to be scourged. Pilate appears upon a balcony, magnificently attired, and addresses the rabble below. In the next scene you see just the end of the scourging—that is, the curtain rises and you see the "Christus" standing faint and bending, without his robes, and with no other clothing than the cloth in which he is crucified, and the savage-looking soldiers are just in the act of giving the last blows. Then the crown of thorns is placed upon the head of the "Christus." After he has been thrown down upon a rough-looking seat, which tumbles over while he is seated upon it—altogether a dreadful scene—they press the crown down upon the head with crossed sticks, which were held by three soldiers; then they put on him a miserable-looking piece of old scarlet cloth, place a reed in the hand of the "Christus," and mock him. After this he is taken to Pilate and conducted to the same balcony as before, and shown to the people, who were in a great crowd below, crying out, and very much enraged, particularly all the High Priests. You could not imagine how life-like it all was. Then at last Barabbas was given to the people, and appeared in the form of

a dreadful-looking ruffian. The scene in which the "Christus" carries the cross, was very touching. The cross appeared very heavy and he walked with great difficulty, bowing under the weight of it. Then Simon of Cyrene was taken, and refused, and at last consented to bear the cross, and appeared at once a changed man. But all this was so reverently done. Then there was the meeting with the Blessed Virgin. She wept and swooned. After that, St. Veronica with her veil, the women of Jerusalem—the "Christus" spoke to them with such sorrow in his voice. The procession with the cross was very numerous—a great noise and crying out—it passed twice, and then the curtain fell. I shall never forget that scene: the savage-looking infuriated rabble, and the one mournful figure, upon whom all the rage and hate of that cruel crowd were concentrated!

This scene seems to have impressed the writer more than any other. She wrote as if the more terrible representation of what passed on Calvary gave the impression that it must still fall short of the reality which it represented.

After the terrible scene of the carriage of the cross the curtain fell. When next it rose you saw the Crucifixion—the "Christus" and the two thieves, the latter tied to their crosses. As the curtain rose they were in the act of raising the centre cross into the hole prepared for it. Here I must own that the scene was so completely like one of Vandyke's paintings of the Crucifixion that it was most difficult to believe in the reality of the figures, but when the "Christus" spoke from the cross, and you saw he was a living being, it was very awful, and more so still when he slightly moved his head towards the sponge full of vinegar which was raised to him, but most terrible of all when he cried out with a loud voice at the last, and bowed his head completely forward and then let it fall upon one side. After some time, the man came and pierced the side and the blood gushed forth. The "Christus" remained twenty minutes upon the cross, and the hands were becoming quite black when the scene fell. At the last moment when he bowed his head and died there was a great noise as of thunder, and you saw the dead rise from their graves. The soldiers struck the thieves until they were dead. The taking down from the cross was wonderfully done, but all so quietly. The Blessed Virgin stood the picture of grief, and St. John also. A ladder was placed against the cross, and a man mounted and with pincers took out the large nails, first from the hands and then from the feet. The body was then gently taken down, the figure all the time without the very slightest movement or sign of life. The Blessed Virgin was seated upon the ground and received it. Then the thieves were taken down from their crosses. The body of the "Christus" was laid in a large sheet and taken to the sepulchre, which was also upon the stage in the background; the stone was placed over it and the guards stationed.

Gertrude read the letter with so much quiet feeling that we were all affected almost as if we had witnessed the scenes described. Julia would probably have objected strongly to the idea of the possibility of such representations being performed with due reverence, and perhaps she would at another time have questioned whether they could produce a good effect; but she

only said that evening that it must be at once a very intelligent and a very simple population that could be trusted either to perform or to witness such a drama. Hereupon a discussion ensued, which was the Apollo which saved me from attempting anything like a contribution to our evening's stock of stories. The most striking feature in the conversation was the bold manner in which Towan Moore advocated scenic representations of the most sacred subjects. He argued that the Drama was one of the highest forms of Art. It gathered into itself the resources of painting and sculpture, the influence of eloquence and poetry, the power of humour; it aroused the feelings and touched the heart in a manner in which nothing else roused or touched them. It was not beyond the intelligence of the most simple, and it could satisfy at the same time the judgment and taste of the most cultivated. If it were employed with discretion and prudence it might educate a people in the practical knowledge of sacred truths and in lessons of the most lofty and generous morality, at the same time that it might wind their affections around persons and objects which it is the highest privilege of Christians to be taught to love. He told us some very good anecdotes of this power of scenic representation over the sympathies of even a comparatively hardened and *blasée* audience; how when a play had been produced on the English stage representing the story of a girl in the Southern States of America who had some tinge of black blood in her veins, though she had been brought up in luxury and highly educated, and who through the sudden death of her father had come to be sold and had saved herself from the evil designs of her new owner by suicide, the audience had protested so strongly that after a few nights the plot had been changed by the author, and the play made to terminate by a happy marriage. I think it was when the same or some similar play was represented in Dublin, that some of the men in the pit rushed on the stage, and set the slave free at considerable risk of the life of the unfortunate actor who was personating her master. In short, he made out a very good argument from the immense power that dramatic representations exercise over the feelings, for their use as a weapon of education, civilisation, and Christian and moral training.

"I fear, at all events," said Charles, "we shall have to go to Ammergau before we can find a stage that we can make up our minds to frequent as an instrument of Christian education."

"How I should like to go this time!" said Clara Lancaster.

I thought Lloyd looked very much as if he should like to take her. Just then the bell rang for night prayers, and, as it was the octave-day of the Feast, we were to have another little Benediction that evening in the chapel. Gertrude whispered to Julia, and then we Catholics filed off, leaving Towan Moore and his wife in possession of the drawing-room. I believe, however, that they managed to follow us unobserved, as they were in the passage which leads to the chapel when we came out. I saw that Gertrude did not like to ask Clara to sing to us that evening, but Lloyd was not so forbearing towards her, and insisted on a game of chess, in which she played rather listlessly, and so allowed him, to his own great delight, to come off triumphant.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MR. LILLICOTE'S OWN STORY.

THE next day was quite eventful for us quiet folk at Lydney Lodge. Miss Lancaster received a letter from her father, announcing his engagement to Miss Smith, and enclosing a note from the lady herself, full of vague expressions of attachment to her "dear Clara," but nothing more. The General himself made no mention of future plans. Gertrude Kingshill longed to occupy herself chiefly with her young friend, who now seemed almost to have become her child indeed, and was glad when it was proposed that the Towan Moores should accompany Kingshill and myself on a morning call on the young Ritualist parson who had within a few months from the time of which I speak succeeded to the living of Lydney. I shall perhaps have something to say about this Mr. Banstead and our talk with him, but I must not linger upon the subject in my present chapter, for reasons I shall presently state. Another event of the day was a letter which Lloyd received, calling him off suddenly to his brother's sick bed. Martin Lloyd, the Squire, as my friend always calls him, a fine hale strong man of fifty-five, had received an accidental gun-shot out shooting, and the doctors were rather afraid that it might prove a delicate business. Though married, he had no son, and Lloyd was his presumptive heir, but Martin had married rather late in life a lady much younger than himself, and I suppose it had never occurred to either of them that there would be no direct succession. The brothers were extremely fond of one another, and nothing would satisfy my friend but to start off immediately, though there was no absolute danger at present in Martin Lloyd's case. The Towan Moores left us after luncheon, and Kingshill and I had a pleasant walk alone together.

for the first time during my stay. Somehow or other I began telling him the story of the young friend whose name I casually mentioned in the last chapter, and he was so much interested in it that he encouraged me to write it. He took one of Julia's stories, which we were both acquainted with, to pieces, and showed me how little more there was of incident or character in it than in this simple tale which I had come across. After Lloyd was gone, Gertrude kept Clara very much to herself, and we two were left to lay our heads together. Julia's visit had just set us upon story-telling, and I really think that that accidental rainy afternoon was the parent of the tale which I am now to try to relate. Of course it had to be written over again after my first attempt, but even this occupied us for most of our leisure hours during a few weeks of that autumn. I am sorry that I must begin its publication by a very short instalment.

Wasted Seeds.

CHAPTER I.—MR. WILTON AT HOME.

THE pavements and stones of the streets about Covent Garden were still glittering in the morning sun, which had not yet drunk up the rain left upon them by some abundant showers which had fallen in the night, as a tall well-made young clergyman, whose half-secular dress pronounced him as not belonging to the most advanced party in the Establishment, was making his way somewhat at hap-hazard through the labyrinth of streets which lie between the Market and Chancery Lane. Gerald Merton might just as well have gone straight down into the Strand from the hotel where he had passed the night, but he had a little time to spare, and when he found himself out of the beaten track he had no objection to see where his footsteps might lead him. He had come up from Oxford the night before, and had invited himself to breakfast with a College friend, a young architect, whose companion he had been at Eton and at — College, and from long experience he was well aware that his entertainer would not be up much before nine. Gerald had particular reasons, which will soon be known to the reader, for not intruding on his friend too soon, and so, after rejoicing awhile in the fresh scents and healthy country breath of the market-baskets, he wandered about till he found himself near the door of a chapel, out of which a small crowd of people, most of whom had not much to boast of in the way of respectable dress, was pouring itself into the street which led, as he could see through an archway at the end, into a large square, which he rightly took for Lincoln's-Inn Fields. There were old women and children there, as well as a few better-dressed persons, one or two who looked like Templars, and as many ladies. Gerald found that he was out of his track, as he was

bent for one of the streets on the river side of the Strand between Somerset House and the Temple, and he accordingly dived down towards the right as soon as he saw an opening in that direction. His watch told him that it was near nine, and he might now safely invade his friend.

The lane down which he passed seemed to be more than half populated with Irish. Signs of life there were plenty. Loud voices, sometimes angry, were heard from the doors as he passed, women were sweeping and making things tidy as he looked in at the doors, urchins sitting on the steps with lumps of bread in their hands, and other children passing in small groups in the direction from which he was coming—some with arms round one another's necks in loving intercourse, others playing tricks, fighting, or chasing one another in boisterous mirth, their bright eyes and happy smiles redeeming the thinness of their cheeks and the untidiness of their scanty clothes.

A joyous shout from one or two of these groups seemed suddenly to put the whole of the younger part of the population on the alert, and presently some of them might be seen gathering round a young lady who was following our friend at no great distance, while the too well occupied youngsters on the door-steps might be seen ducking and bobbing and throwing out their arms with that peculiar perpendicular sweep by which children are taught to salute their superiors. Some of them had, indeed, gone through this evolution on seeing our friend Gerald, but the majority had looked at him with a puzzled and somewhat untrusting stare. As to their confidence in the lady there could be no doubt. Her popularity was soon explained by the fact that she seemed to have a little collection of good things in her bag, which she dispensed freely to the children on their way to school, and she was soon, moreover, seen to stop at one or two of the doors as she passed by, and converse with the women inside.

Gerald was attracted by her appearance, and loitered on his way for the sake of watching her. He overheard her address a few words to a woman as she passed across to the side of the street on which he was walking, and in these he thought he detected an accent which made him aware that she, too, was Irish. But he was not able to continue his watch over her proceedings very long. After getting rid of a crowd of little applicants by showing them that her bag was empty, and dismissing them with a few kind words, she actually stopped before the stall of an old woman at the corner of a court, who was selling fruit and nuts under the shadow of an enormous umbrella, and began a long and earnest conversation with the old dame herself. Gerald could only have loitered longer at the expense of appearing impertinent, and besides, he had to get off by the eleven o'clock express after having visited his friend. So he left the young lady engaged with the Irish woman, and was soon standing at the door of his friend's chambers.

The master of the apartment himself opened the door, which was on the first-floor of a house cut up into sets of chambers, much like

those in the Temple itself. "My treas—," said Jack Wilton, with an eager and fond expression in his eyes which somewhat startled his Oxford friend, but which first sank down into a look of momentary disappointment and then rose again into hearty and beaming welcome as he caught Gerald by the hand. "Come in, old fellow, delighted to see you; I thought it was—some one else."

Further conversation between the friends was interrupted by the arrival of the "some one else," in the person of the very young lady who had attracted Gerald's attention in the lane. Jack clasped her to his bosom, and she returned his embrace with the most perfect self-possession, while Gerald stood by not knowing whether to look shocked or to appear to have no eyes. The lady's glance, however, was on him in a moment, and Jack, taking her hand, placed it in that of Gerald's, saying, "Gerald, let me make my wife known to you. Margaret, this is the Gerald Merton of whom I have often talked to you."

"Indeed he has, Mr. Merton," said Margaret; "and I hope you will let me be a friend for his sake." And while Gerald was stammering out a few unintelligible words, bowing low over the little hand which had clasped his so warmly, she disengaged herself and vanished into an inner room, while Jack led his friend to the breakfast-table.

The room into which the two young men now passed, told—as rooms that are lived in generally do—a good deal to the careful observer concerning the character and habits of its occupant. This room was not only a sort of mirror to the character of its occupant, but in some way a history of his life. He had never since his earliest childhood known a real home, though he had been very kindly treated by an uncle after his loss both of father and mother. But his real "home" had been his room at school, and his rooms at College. In them his mind had been formed and his character moulded, more by intercourse with his equals than by the teaching of older minds. And if any one could have arranged the contents of the room of which we are speaking in chronological "periods"—the age of the boy, the youth, the young man—he would have had good materials for the history of Jack Wilton's mind. It would have required a good deal of discrimination to "classify the strata" in this case.

We call him the occupant of the room, because Jack had only lately been married, his marriage had been pressed on by unexpected circumstances, and he had brought his bride straight from Ireland to the apartment which he had for a few seasons occupied as a bachelor. He had taken an extra room on the same floor, and the young couple were very happy in their abode, though I fancy that the culinary arrangements were not quite perfect.

I just now called Jack an architect, but I may as well say that his professional pursuits sat rather lightly upon him. He had been sent to Eton and Oxford, and had picked up a very fair education at both. He had never exerted himself, his tutors said, as much as he ought, but he had taken moderate honours in the class list, and had even

written a prize poem. His frank and kindly disposition, and great distinction "on the river," had made him very popular at school and College, and besides a whole tribe of acquaintance, he had gained a few very steady and intimate friendships. Those friendships are generally the most valuable and the most perfect, which are formed at school, or at least at an University, and kept up by intercourse and correspondence in after life. The struggles of the world, the strain of a profession, and the intense bustle, and unrest, and "candle-light" intercourse on which modern society in England subsists, hardly give room and leisure for the formation of deep and solid intimacies. There are no friends like old friends; no ties like those which have begun in the cricket-field, or in the winter evenings at "my tutor's," which have expanded and developed with wider views of life and ranges of knowledge under some lime-walk in an Oxford garden, or in some quiet cloister in Cambridge, over Plato, and Aristotle, and Butler, or with the first awakening of the mind to the poetry and literature of the day, or again under the influence of the first taste of the new world of foreign life and scenery, a long vacation run to Switzerland, or it may be, notwithstanding the unfavourable season, over the Alps, and down to Milan, Genoa, Venice, or Florence. The friendships which grow with the growth of mind and soul are the greatest of natural blessings, a life that has gathered none such in the course of its earlier life will hardly find them afterwards, and the loss of them, when they have been broken by some change of thought or position which has turned our years into a new channel, is a loss which may be far more than compensated by other greater boons, but which can seldom be replaced in its own kind.

I mention it then as one of the good qualities or pieces of good fortune which I have to claim for Jack Wilton, that he had a goodly number of these true friendships, and none of them was more sincere and deep than that which bound him to Gerald Merton. We shall see presently that Gerald thought he had some little cause of complaint against his friend at the present moment, but in the meanwhile I must say something about the room which Jack had made so fair a representation of his character. The house was at the end of the street, it had windows on two sides, and those along the depth of the room looked out towards the Thames. At the very corner there was a projecting bay, which greatly increased the range of view. By the time our tale is finished these windows will perhaps be blocked up by new streets or ranges of building on the space reclaimed from the river by the Embankment, but at the time of which I write the view ranged almost from St. Paul's on the left, to Waterloo and Hungerford Bridges on the right, and the towers of the Houses of Parliament beyond. The bookcases were well filled. "Leaving books" from Eton, a good set of classical authors, and a very good English library, formed the staple of their garniture, to which we must add a fine collection of architectural books, and the *Sporting Magazine*, which had been dignified by a calf binding, while an endless number of less-favoured periodicals

remained in long rows of cloth. The walls were hung with good prints—the “Madonna de San Sisto,” and Leonardo da Vinci’s “Last Supper,” occupied two places of honour, but Landseer’s “Dignity and Impudence” somewhat inappropriately towered above the three faces of Charles I. There were a good many cathedrals, though not enough to stamp the room as peculiarly the home of an architect, and in the midst of them all were some photographs of St. Peter’s, and the Duomo of Florence, and, as if to show that Jack was no Gothic bigot, a fine large print of the interior of the former Basilica. Then there were photographs of Eton and of his Oxford College, one or two portraits and country sketches, and, what had been the glory of Jack’s room at school, but had now sunk into a corner remote from life, a coloured print of the match between the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur.

One table was prepared for breakfast, very much in an Oxford style, save that the presence of a bunch of flowers revealed a lady’s existence; the other table was piled up in glorious confusion with books, newspapers, magazines, drawing-boards, and other miscellanies. The sofa had a neat work-table before it, on which was a box containing various balls of wool stuck through with long needles, one or two books which looked devotional, and a small palette covered with five or six dabs of colour, lying near a little sketch-book. These articles also looked somewhat feminine. In that little corner by the sofa order seemed to reign. It looked like a little cultivated patch reclaimed from a forest, and as if to protect it, a pretty little statuette of the Blessed Virgin looked down upon it from a bracket placed at no great height, which was balanced on the other side of the fireplace by a bust of the Duke of Wellington. I strongly suspect that a bust of Garibaldi, of about the same size as that of the Iron Duke, which might have been seen under a little table in the anteroom, had been obliged to descend from its pedestal near Jack’s domestic hearth by the same gentle influence that had turned that hearth into a home, and enshrined as its guardian the Queen of Heaven.

For the rest, the corners of the room were crowded with sticks, caps, wraps, bags, and waterproofs of almost every conceivable size and kind, the window-sills were furnished with flowers, and in one of the windows hung a fern-basket, and in another a vociferous canary.

But we have spent so much time in examining Jack’s abode, that we must reserve for a new chapter what we have to say by way of introduction concerning Jack himself and his newly-wedded wife.

* * * *The tale here commenced, “WAFLED SEEDS,” will be continued independently of the “DIALOGUES OF LYDNEY.”*

A Parliamentary Paper of the Seventeenth Century.

WE have lately examined, with a lively interest, a shabby little quarto, some five inches by four, with a title-page crowded like that of a chap-book. Its appearance differs widely from the splendidly printed folios and octavos that the country prints now-a-days with such profusion at the public cost, but its contents differ still more strikingly from the staple of a modern blue-book. Of all unlikely subjects, we might have imagined that the canonisation of the English martyrs was the most unlikely to be "Ordered by the Commons in Parliament to be printed and published." Yet it is to a Parliamentary Paper that we are indebted for the knowledge we possess of the only efforts that have ever been made to commence the usual process for their beatification. The publication was ordered with no good will to Catholics, as may readily be imagined; but it is hardly necessary to suppose that it was intended in one particular case to prejudice a jury against a Priest who was on his trial. "These papers," says Challoner, "coming to the hands of the Parliament at this conjuncture, are by some supposed to have hastened the execution of Father Bell, who was one of the persons named in the Archbishop's letter. Certain it is, at least, that they were published by order of Parliament the very day that Father Bell was brought upon his trial: being printed by Husband, printer to the Parliament, December 7, 1643." Father Arthur Bell, O.S.F., in Religion Father Francis, was tried and sentenced on the 7th, and suffered on the 11th of that December, and it is hardly likely that Parliamentary printing was executed with equal dispatch in those days.

The examinations for the beatification of a servant of God are in the first instance made by the Bishop of the diocese. This is called the *Ordinary* process, to distinguish it from the *Apostolic* process, which is compiled by virtue of special powers granted by the Holy See. Dr. Richard Smith, Bishop of Chalcedon, Vicar-Apostolic of England, had ordinary jurisdiction conferred on him by the Pope, and could therefore have lawfully compiled the process preliminary to the canonisation of our martyrs. All, however, that he is known to have done was to transmit a Catalogue to Rome in 1628, drawn up soon after he was made Bishop. At the date however of the documents which we now publish, he had been consecrated eighteen years, and though he did not die till 1655, yet it is evident, even from

expressions contained in other letters in the same publication concerning "my Lord's age," that he was then infirm. In the hope that witnesses might be duly examined and processes for the martyrs' canonisation be properly commenced, the Holy See, as we learn from these documents, gave the Archbishop of Cambray and the Bishops of St. Omer and Ipres special powers to act as English Ordinaries in the matter.

These papers are at once a proof of the desire of the Holy See to confer upon our martyrs their due honour, and a testimony to the difficulties that rendered the attempt fruitless. They have become extremely rare. Our knowledge of them has hitherto been confined to the mention of them made, with his invariable accuracy, by Bishop Challoner. A copy of the Brief of Urban VIII. is preserved at Stonyhurst College; but we owe the Commission of the Archbishop of Cambray, and the interesting letter that accompanies it, to the researches of a painstaking investigator who has found Husbands' publication among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum. We here reproduce the original English version of the Cambray document and its accompanying letter, modernising the spelling, but not altering the expressions.

The importance of these documents seems to us to consist in this, that they show us not only that an effort was once made to commence the process of the canonisation of our martyrs, but also that in the time of Urban VIII., the Pope to whom we owe many of the chief regulations respecting canonisation, it was held that our martyrs were in no exceptional position, but that their Cause would have to be conducted in accordance with the ordinary rules. This very Pope it was who had established that the only exceptional cases were to be those who had had honour as Saints publicly accorded to them, with the tacit consent of ecclesiastical authority, for one hundred years prior to the date of his Decree, which term of years is technically termed immemorial usage; or secondly, those whose worship rests on concessions of the Holy See. The first of these two exceptions cannot be claimed for our martyrs under Elizabeth; while even for those under Henry VIII., such as Fisher and More, whose martyrdoms date far enough back, it is impossible for us to claim the benefit of immemorial usage, as the public veneration which the Church accords to the Saints has certainly not been given to them.

With regard to the other excepted case, it does not seem possible to establish the claim of our martyrs to an exception from the usual process of canonisation in consequence of concessions of the Holy See. As far as we are aware, the following are the only concessions that have ever been made. Pope Paul V. allowed the Colleges from which the Missionaries went forth to sing a Mass of Thanksgiving when the news of a martyrdom was received, and he granted a Plenary Indulgence to all who assisted at it. But at the same time he expressly ordered that the word *martyr*, or *martyrdom*, should not be used. Indeed exactly the same thing has been allowed in our own

time by his present Holiness, who gave permission for a Thanksgiving Mass to be said at Amiens when it was known that Mgr. Daveluy, Vicar-Apostolic in the Corea, had been put to death for the faith. Such a concession could in no way supersede the necessity of the usual proofs of martyrdom, or of the examination of the case by the proper ecclesiastical tribunals.

Another concession is of a different character, and if it could be judicially established, beyond doubt it would serve, for the case of those to whom it could be shown to apply, as the equivalent of beatification. Yepes, Bishop of Tirasona, the well-known biographer of St. Teresa, says in his *History of the English Persecution*, that Pope Gregory XIII., in 1582, gave leave that, failing the relics of the ancient Martyrs for the consecration of altars, those of our martyrs might be used. Many subsequent writers say the same, but there does not appear to be any testimony on the subject independent of that of Bishop Yepes. Inquiry made at Rome at the Inquisition, the Congregation of Rites, and other tribunals, has been entirely without effect, so that we have come to the reluctant conclusion that a document to this effect is not to be found in the Roman archives. Indeed it is to be noted that Yepes does not say that there ever was any document. Very possibly it was a leave given by the Pope by word of mouth, *vivæ vocis oraculo*, and the condition that it should be used only when the relics of the ancient Martyrs could not be had, does not look like a formal recognition by Decree that these were truly Martyrs.

And further, even if the document were forthcoming, valuable as it unquestionably would be, it could hardly be made to supersede the trouble and expense of the ordinary process, for it would be absolutely necessary to show that each individual case was one of those to which the concession was applicable. It is difficult to see what difference would really exist between these proofs and those of the ordinary beatification of a Martyr. Now it is important to observe that in the time of Urban VIII. this well-known concession of Gregory XIII. did not form the basis of the proposed proceedings, and that no exception was claimed from the rules approved by Urban for the guidance of processes of beatification and canonisation.

Mention is often made of the paintings that anciently existed, some few of which have been preserved to our own time, representing the English martyrdoms. There is perhaps scarcely a Carthusian house or church in Europe without some painting in honour of the martyrs of that Order who died under Henry VIII. At Trisulti, not far from Veroli in the Papal States, the whole of the wall of one side of the church is taken up with a vast painting of the martyrdom of the monks of the London Charterhouse. More noteworthy still were the paintings of the martyrs on the walls of the ancient church of the English College at Rome, as they were done, if not by the order, yet certainly with the knowledge and tacit approval of Pope Gregory XIII. They were painted by Circiniano, the artist who painted those of the

primitive Martyrs, which still exist in S. Stefano Rotondo; and they were engraved in the year 1584 by Cavalieri, who published engravings of those of S. Stefano in the following year. Both volumes have the words on the title-page, *Cum privilegio Gregorii XIII., Pont. Max.* Those in S. Stefano are expressly said to have been painted at the expense of the Pope, but Bombini states that those in the English College were done at the cost of George Gilbert,* the bountiful friend of Father Parsons, and his companion in one at least of his Apostolic journeys. To the engravings we owe our knowledge of the paintings in the Church of "the Blessed Trinity and St. Thomas of Canterbury" attached to the English College at Rome, as it was ruined by the French revolutionary forces, and altogether taken down when the College was reopened under Pius VII. A new church is now rising on the site, the foundation stone of which was blessed by Pope Pius IX.

The engravings are thirty-six in number. Twenty-six represent St. Alban and other ancient Martyrs; nine others represent Fisher, More, and other modern martyrs down to the year 1583; and the subject of the last is the Pope himself and the Cardinal Protector of the English College kneeling before an altar with the students of the College. The following inscription is at the foot: "Gregorius XIII. Pont. Max. hujus Anglorum Collegii fundator ac parens optimus alumnos suos Christo commendat, ut quos in Angliam ad fidei defensionem mittit, adversus hostium insidias atque tormenta, divina virtute confirmet: *qua freti jam aliquot pro Catholica Romana Ecclesia fortiter occubuerunt.* Philippus Boncompagnus S.R.E. Presb. Card. tit. S. Sixti ejusdem Pont. Fr. Fil. Collegii Protector et Benefactor munificentissimus idem a Deo precatur." A modern inscription in a corridor of the English College records that forty-four of the students of that College were crowned with martyrdom.

Our mention of the venerable English College in connection with the martyrs recalls the privilege which still continues, that on the Feast of St. Stephen every year one of the students should preach before His Holiness in the Papal chapel. In the Annual Letters S.J. of 1581, printed at Rome two years after, this custom is said to have originated from the commencement of the reign of Pope Gregory XIII. "On St. Stephen's day one of the students preached before the Pope, who was pleased to ordain that on that day henceforward one of that College should preach; which day, the Feast of the most holy proto-Martyr, His Holiness said was most appropriate for those youths who were preparing themselves for martyrdom." Challoner tells us that one of our martyrs, Father John Cornelius, or O'Mahon, S.J., who went to the English College in Rome in 1580, to finish his studies, "had the honour once to make an oration in Latin, and speak it in the Pope's chapel on St. Stephen's day." This holy man may have been one of that band of students whom St. Philip Neri was wont to salute, as he met them in the streets of Rome, with the affectionate

* *Vita Campiani*, cap. xxi., p. 110.

greeting, *Salvete flores martyrum*.* These, and such as these, are dear memories to the sons of that venerable College which, though remodelled and refounded by Gregory XIII., is the only establishment that has come down to us direct from the piety of English Catholics who lived before the Reformation.

All that we have recounted, and probably other documents that are no longer known to exist, were certainly known by the President of Douay College and the Superiors of the Benedictines and the Franciscans, at whose instance the Archbishop of Cambray issued this Commission; yet they do not seem to have considered that our martyrs were thereby placed in such an exceptional position that in consequence of concessions of the Holy See they could be raised to the honours of the altar without the usual process of beatification. This would seem therefore to indicate to us that we must follow the course they commenced, if we would attain the result at which they were then aiming. We need not fear the fate that befel the former Commission—publication by command of Parliament, the imprisonment of its bearer, and the martyrdom of one of the Commissaries. Delay alone can now hurt the Cause, for documentary evidence necessarily suffers by time; and it is even said that it would be difficult now to put together the authorities on which Challoner based his narrative. The difficulty will surely be greater in another generation.

Nothing more need be said by way of introduction to the Brief of Pope Urban or the Commission of the Archbishop of Cambray, and but very few words are called for by the letter that accompanies them. From it we gather that the "Walter Winsor, a Papist, who brought the letter from Flanders," was probably a Priest, as he was in authority in his College, for in the language of the days of persecution he is called "the foreman of his shop." The terms employed in the correspondence of Catholics in those times furnished but a very thin

* "Father Christopher Grene, in the years 1650 or 1666, made diligent inquiries among the ancient Oratorian Fathers at Chiesa Nuova and St. Gerolimo, concerning certain traditions—viz., that St. Philip Neri always expressed great pleasure at seeing the scholars of the English College at Rome, that he often stopped to salute them, and give them proofs of his affection; that it was observed that the scholars whom he embraced with particular joy in his countenance, were afterwards martyrs or illustrious confessors of the faith; that it was customary before the scholars left for the English mission, to have this holy man's blessing; that one was known to have refused going, out of some contempt for the aged Saint, but that he had not been long in England before he shamefully apostatised. Father Grene found these traditions to be very satisfactorily authorised. They are alluded to in a poem, written in 1617 by Hieronymus Caliaris, of the Congregation of St. Philip—

"Designat digito quos laurea debet in Anglis
Nerius insignes reddere martyrii:
Eventus docuit quid signa hæc tanta notarent, &c."

(Dr. Oliver's *Collections S.J.*, p. 106.)

disguise. For instance, Rome was called "Old-town," or "Hilton," Priests "workmen," and students "prentices."

The "Father Ambrose," of whose martyrdom the letter speaks, was Father Edward Barlow, Q.S.B., who suffered at Lancaster Castle, September 10, 1641. This holy martyr had been supernaturally forewarned twelve years before, by Father Edmund Arrowsmith, S.J., whom he had assisted in prison, that the grace of martyrdom was in store for him. He thus related the prophecy to his brother Rudesind, in a letter dated out of prison, May 17, 1641. "I have already suffered," said Father Arrowsmith to him, standing at his bedside the night before his death; "you shall also suffer: speak but little, for they will be upon the watch to catch you in your words." But we must delay no longer to put our documents before our readers.

The following is the title of our Parliamentary paper:—

The Pope's Brief, or Rome's Inquiry after the death of their Catholics here in England, during these times of war. Discovered by two Commissions, the one sent from the Pope that now is, the other from the Bishop and Duke of Cambray, to several Commissioners in England, whereby the death of such Catholics may be returned to the See of Rome to be determined (as may be fit for the glory of God). Together with a catalogue of the Vicars-General and Archdeacons under the Bishop of Chalcedon for the settling of the Popish Hierarchy in England, with divers letters concerning the same. Also several letters and papers of the Lord Inchiquin, in Ireland, intercepted by the Earl of Warwick and sent to the House of Commons, wherein is discovered the ungrateful and perfidious dealing of the said Lord with the Parliament of England.

Ordered by the Commons in Parliament that the said Commissions, together with the Hierarchy and several letters and papers intercepted, be forthwith printed and published.

H. ELSYNGE, Cler. Parl. D. Com.

London: Printed for Edw. Husbands, Decem. 7, 1643.

NOTE.—That this Commission, together with the letter herewith printed concerning the same, was taken at Great Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk, amongst divers other letters and papers directed to divers Papists in England, from one Walter Winsor, a Papist, who brought the same from Flanders, as he confesseth in his examination on the 26th of September, 1643, which said Winsor still remaineth in custody (p. 1).

"5 October, 1643.

"Francis Vander Burch, by the grace of God and of the Apostolical See Archbishop and Duke of Cambray, Prince of the Sacred Roman Empire, Earl of Cambresis, &c., Agent and Commissary for the things hereafter mentioned jointly and severally with some others in that behalf by Apostolical Letters especial deputed. To all and singular persons to whom our present letters shall come, and whom the matter hereinafter mentioned doth or may concern, jointly and severally, by what name soever they shall be called or of what dignity and honour they shall be of, health everlasting in the Lord.

"To give undoubted credit to these Presents, and to obey our, or more truly, the Apostolical commands, know ye we did receive with that reverence which was meet the Letters of the Most Holy Father in Christ our Lord, the Lord Urban, by the Divine Providence the Eighth Pope of that name, under this tenour:—

"Pope Urban VIII., for future remembrance of the matter. Being willing to condescend unto the pious desires of Our beloved son, the General Procurator of the Congregation of England, of the Order of St. Bennet, and to

favour him with a special grace (and by the order of these presents absolving him and holding him to be absolved from whatsoever censure of excommunication, suspension, and interdict, and all other ecclesiastical censures and pains inflicted by law or by man, for whatsoever occasion or cause, if in any way he do lie under any of them, only for the effecting of these Presents), inclining unto the petition humbly presented unto Us in that behalf in the name of the same General Procurator, with the counsel of our venerable Brethren the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, Inquisitors-General, especially deputed by this Holy Apostolical See in all the Christian Commonwealth against heretical wickedness, by the tenour of these presents and Apostolical authority, We substitute our Venerable Brethren the Archbishop of Cambray, the Bishops of St. Omer and Ipres, and every one of them, into the place of Ordinary in England, only to that effect that they may by ordinary authority, according to law, make Our Process to inquire after the cause and kind of death of them that suffer in England for the Catholic faith, so that such Process and other acts lawfully done by them or any of them for the clearing of the truth of such sufferings and deaths, be done by ordinary authority, nor otherwise nor in any other manner; commanding that whatsoever in that behalf shall happen herein to be attempted otherwise by any man, either wittingly or ignorantly, shall be void and of none effect, notwithstanding any use that may be made of the Constitution of Pope Boniface VIII., Our predecessor of most happy memory, commonly called *De Una*, or that of the General Council commonly called *De Duabus*, or any other Constitutions or Apostolical Ordinances made to the contrary whatsoever.

“Given at Rome, at St. Peter’s, under the Ring of the Fisher, the three-and-twentieth day of February, 1643, in the twentieth year of our Popedom.

(Signed)

“M. A. MARALDUS.”

“After the presentation and reception of the which Apostolical Letters above written to us and by us (as is abovesaid made), we have been earnestly and duly required by the Reverend Masters, Master George Musher, President of the English College of Douay, Friar John Mentisse, Prior of the Convent of Saint Gregory the Great of the English Benedictines, and Friar Angel of Saint Francis, Commissary of the Province of the Friars Minorites in England, on the behalf of all the secular Clergy of England, of the English Congregation of the Order of Saint Bennet and of the said Province of the Friars Minorites, that we would be willing and vouchsafe to go on in the execution of the same above-mentioned Apostolical Letters and of the contents of the same, according to the power, manner, or authority given or sent to us from the said Apostolical See by the same Letters, and to grant to that end as necessary Letters. We, therefore, Francis Vanderburgh, Archbishop and Duke of Cambray, Prince of the Sacred Roman Empire, Earl of Cambresis, &c., Agent and Commissary, substituted by the above-said Apostolical authority into the place of the Ordinaries in England, taking into consideration that such a request is just and reasonable, and willing (with reverence, as we ought to do) to put in execution the above-said Apostolical command directed and committed to us, in that behalf, therefore, by the Apostolical authority committed to us, and by the authority which we exercise in that behalf; by the tenour of these presents we ordain and depute for them that live at London or on this side Trent in England, the Reverend Masters, M. George Gage, Apostolical Protonotary, Father Thomas Dade, Provincial of the Order of Saint Dominick in England aforesaid, Father Bennet Cox, Priest of the English Congregation of the Order of S. Bennet, Father Francis Bell, Limitor Collector of the Province of the Friars Minorites in England aforesaid; and for those that live at York, or beyond the river of Trent in England aforesaid, the Reverend Mr. Phillips, Confessor to the Most Gracious Queen of England, and the Reverend Masters, Master George Cathericke, Father Robert Hadock, *alias* Benson, late Provincial of the Province of York of the Order of S. Bennet, and Father William Anderton, of the Order of S. Francis, all and every one of them jointly, severally, and wholly to this purpose, that they, according to law, make press to inquire of

the cause and kind of death of them who in their respective limits during this last fierce persecution there against the Catholics, have died for the Catholic faith; commanding them by the said Apostolical authority that they do personally repair to such places as for this purpose are or shall be to be repaired unto, and that they call before them such persons of honesty and credit as have knowledge of the sufferings and deaths of such Catholics, and that they diligently inquire, hear, and examine upon solemn oath the truth and manner of their sufferings and deaths, and the cause of such their knowledge and such circumstances pertaining to the same, and other things requisite for the discovery of the truth of the matter, and that they conveniently put into writing the names, surnames, sayings, and depositions of the said persons and direct them to us, being so disposed and faithfully closed up that we may afterwards transmit them to the Apostolical See, to the end that the said See may ordain and determine of them that which shall be fit to the glory of God. Moreover, we intend and declare that if any one or some of them deputed by us by himself or by themselves cannot personally perform that office, he or they whom one or some of the said deputed persons shall or will substitute to that effect, he or they so substituted shall enjoy the very like power and jurisdiction as they which were principally and first deputed do enjoy. To the end that any one of the said deputies or their substitutes, the rest having lawful excuse of absence, may proceed and go on with effect in the execution of these presents, and by our ordinary authority given unto us by the Apostolical See, from this time forth we grant unto them such powers for testimony and credit. Whereof we have authorised with our hand and seal these presents dispatched by our secretary.

"Given at Cambray, in our archiepiscopal palace, in the year of our Lord 1643. Tenth of June.

"FRANCIS VANDER BURGH, Archbishop of Cambray.

"By command of the Most Illustrious and Reverend Lord, the Lord Archbishop and Duke of Cambray aforesaid.

"FOULIN, Secretary."

This figure of a Cross + was on the top of the letter.

"Very much respected sir,

"Seeing that I was to write unto you about the business contained in the enclosed Commission, I was also commanded by my master (who is altogether unknown unto you) to let you understand that the bearer (who is the foreman of his shop), is sent to the party with letters from Mr. Jozelin (the which he is to impart unto you), and with letters from himself to the parents of some young men, who are prentices here, expecting to hear their resolutions before they can become freemen. I hope that you will send him to a fit man for both employments (if you would be pleased to assist him with the best advice whiles he is a stranger amongst you). Peradventure you will startle at the sight of the enclosed Commission, considering how the times go now in those parts, and to how little purpose it is to meddle in affairs of that nature. But if you please to know the true reasons and motives why I sent it now, I doubt not but that you will rest satisfied. The first is because I had now an extraordinary good opportunity to send it safely by a known friend, who would have special care to see it conveyed unto you, with those small directions it hath, which none could make any use of (in case it should fall into their hands), but only the bearer; and if I should not have sent it now by him, the directions must have been such as might have brought you into some question if my letter had been intercepted.

"The second and principal reason is because the Pope is old and sickly, and so is the Archbishop of Cambray, and if either of them die before the matter be begun by one or other, the grace would be of no force; and if any of the three named in it do but call one Catholic man and take such information as he can give of the martyrdom of Father Ambrose, and record them before witness, the grace will be of such force that we may make use of it any time these thirty or forty years following, when the said parties are dead. Therefore

I beseech you excuse me for having sent it unto you, and, for God's sake, commend it presently to some of the parties named in it, or to be named by them, to see the matter begun as I have said, and then to be kept in great secrecy till we see better times. Thus in haste I bid you farewell.

"Your true friend,

"B. B.

"August 17, 1643."

This letter was intercepted with the former Commission, with divers other letters to Papists in England (pp. 5—11).

The remainder of our Parliamentary Paper is taken up in part with various letters relating to Bishop Smith's Vicars-General, and the Archdeacons of the Chapter appointed by him, and in part with the letters of the Lord Inchiquin, as the title-page we have given sets forth. The former are very interesting, as giving the names of many of the Priests of that time, but as they are in no way related to the subject of the English martyrs we do not transcribe them here. It is not for their antiquarian interest that we have called these old papers from their sleep in the British Museum. Our hope is that what was then begun may be resumed in our own day. As the Atlantic cable was drawn up from its depth of water and reunited, so may the efforts to procure the canonisation of our martyrs be revived, even after an interval of two hundred years. The Martyrs of Gorcum and of Japan, whom Pius IX. has beatified, have waited nearly as long for their well-deserved honours; let us hope that it may be in store for the same great Pontiff to propose to the veneration of the Faithful the glorious names of the Martyrs of England.

J. M.

Mr. Tennyson and the "Morte d'Arthur."

MR. TENNYSON may fairly be congratulated on a popularity almost unexampled among his own contemporaries, as well as upon an undisputed supremacy among living English poets. It is true that the English reading public is now larger than at any previous date; indeed, it may be questioned if the world has ever seen a single language enjoying so widespread a literary dominion as that now possessed by our own. Popular English writers of the present day enjoy, therefore, the favour of a public unparalleled in numbers. Though Mr. Tennyson is a poet of the most refined and cultivated class, though he seems to require a classical education and an acquaintance with a large range of literature in those who would fully appreciate him, still his name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken, and his poems are eagerly devoured by readers of all classes. Making all allowance for the favourable circumstances at which we have hinted, this great success is surely a mark of true genius—of genius that is in harmony with the prevalent tone of thought of the day, which it has, however, no doubt shaped and elevated as well as reflected. It is, to our mind, a proof of the genuine character of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, and of its representative character also, that it was not at first welcomed by the great organs of literary criticism. Critics, as such, do not often catch the rising thoughts of a generation of which they, as a matter almost of course, represent the mature conclusions rather than the budding impulses. They are dwellers on the cultivated plains of thought, not on the rich uplands, where the fresh springs well up almost unseen. They do not lead the van, and they are officially inclined to repress what is undisciplined and novel. But the thoughts and feelings of a new phase in social life most frequently start up in irregular manifestations before they become dominant and full-blown. Indeed, Mr. Tennyson's hold upon the public mind has grown with years. At first his admirers were few and select; now, in his mellow age, the public regard him with pride and fondness as their own representative in the

realms of song, and there is now and then an expression of half-concealed dread lest so fair and grand a reputation should be marred by a relaxation of that exquisite carefulness which has hitherto charmed so much by the perfection of polish for which his poems are remarkable.

Literary careers are seldom of very long duration, and we feel instinctively inclined to look back over our Laureate's works, as if there were not to be many more of them. This is not the place, however, for a general review of Mr. Tennyson's poems. We shall content ourselves by saying that we believe they will always hold a very high place among the classics of the English language, and that he will be in all future time considered as the "fullest throat of song" of England in the age of Victoria. The effect of his poetry, which it is more easy to speak of in a few words, is undoubtedly good. He has not followed in the solemn and severe line of Wordsworth, but he has taken up the beautiful wail of despair which was the burthen of Shelley's poetry, and turned it into hopefulness and trust; he has refined and ennobled the lusciousness of Keats, and, as we may still hope, has made many minds forget the dark passion and romantic criminality of Byron. He has sometimes glorified themes too soft, too trivial, or too narrow in interest, by poetry gorgeous enough, or language exquisitely beautiful enough, to be offered at the sanctuary itself; but he has seldom breathed an unhealthy strain, seldom added a gloom to the cloud of unbelief, or touched a chord which would set in motion morose or dangerous passion. We see the full value of the high calm tone of his poetry when we compare it with the productions of what Southey so severely called the Satanic school, or with the seductive prettinesses or the bold indelicacies of certain writers much younger than himself, who, as it seems only too probable, may be the popular poets of England in the generation now coming into possession.

A retrospect on a much smaller scale is to some extent challenged by Mr. Tennyson's last publication. *The Holy Grail*, the two other new pieces of the same series which accompany it, called the *Coming of Arthur*, and *Pelleas and Ettarre*, and the recasting of the poem which is now to be known by the name of the *Passing of Arthur*, complete the cycle of "Idylls" which Mr. Tennyson has drawn from the *Morte d'Arthur*. We are not told that the whole series was originally designed in the shape in which it now stands before the public. When Mr. Tennyson first spoke of it, so many years ago, as—

His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books,

he may probably have had a design in his head somewhat more extensive than that which he has actually accomplished. Perhaps at that time he could hardly have given to the whole that tone of serene and tempered splendour which it now possesses. We can hardly account for the piecemeal publication of the Idylls, as they stand now completed, except on the supposition that one after another of the Arthurian stories was taken up by the poet, and made the groundwork of his own gorgeous idealisation. It seems strange that the sudden transition from *Elaine* to *Guinevere*—clearly as the catastrophe of the latter is indicated in the former, and even in earlier passages of the series—should have been allowed, if the two intermediate poems which now fill up the interval had been at all matured in the author's mind. But we see in the completeness and unity of the whole series a proof of a truth which holds good in the case of many creations besides those of the poetic intelligence. An idea in the mind of a great artist has its own innate laws of expansion and growth, and though it may unfold itself by fits and starts, it has its own unity from the beginning and pursues it to the end. It has been said that the connection between the several Idylls, as they now stand, is too slender to make them a perfect whole. They are supposed to be gems indeed, but gems which break loose from the thread which binds them together, like the necklace of which Vivien speaks—

The fair pearl necklace of the Queen
That burst in dancing, and the pearls were spilt;
Some lost, some stolen, some as relics kept.
But never more the same two sister pearls
Ran down the silken thread to kiss each other
On her white neck.

This criticism seems to us to require testing. It is enough, surely, if the Idylls read as they now stand from end to end continuously, all in perfect harmony, if the key-note of the first is also the key-note of the last, if the characters that form the main threads in the marvellous woof—Arthur, Lancelot, and Guinevere—grow on us naturally as the story proceeds, if there is a continuous plan—the foundation of the Round Table, the action of the Knights, the seeds of evil gradually unfolding themselves—if all belongs to the same conception, and if the several successive scenes have each their office in bringing about or at least preparing us for the grand and solemn conclusion.

The first poem in the series is, as our readers know, one of the last published. The *Coming of Arthur* is, perhaps, not equal in power and beauty to the Idylls which follow; but it will be noted

by those who are acquainted with the *Morte d'Arthur* that the poet has adopted a more graceful version of the birth of Arthur than was to be found in the pages of Sir Thomas Malory. The lovers of his poetry, too, will find there some grand passages, which they will store up among their favourite pieces. This poem ends with the marriage of Arthur and Guinevere; her comparative want of affection for him is foreshadowed in the account of their first meeting—

. And Guinevere
 Stood by the castle walls to see him pass;
 But since he neither wore on helm or shield
 The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
 But rode a simple knight among his knights,
 And many of those in richer arms than he,
 She saw him not, or marked not if she saw,
 One among many, though his face was bare.
 But Arthur, looking downwards as he passed,
 Felt the light of her eyes into his life
 Smite on the sudden, yet rode on.

Thus Guinevere is made to know Lancelot, who is sent by Arthur to bring her to his kingdom, before she has seen her future husband. Nothing in this poem indicates the affection which sprang up between the Princess and Lancelot on the journey, but if Mr. Tennyson had written the whole of the *Idylls* at one stretch, where could he have brought in this part of the narrative more beautifully than in Guinevere's retrospect in almost the very last of the poems, when all is over, and she has before her nothing but to do penance for her sin? When—

Her memory, from old habit of the mind,
 Went slipping back unto the golden days
 In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came,
 Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,
 Ambassador to lead to her lord,
 Arthur.

In the next *Idyll*, *Enid*, the first of the series as originally published, we find the evil which had its rise in the journey to Camelot already beginning to bud. Geraint's mistakes about his wife date from the day—

. When a rumour rose about the Queen.

The mischief is full-blown in *Vivien*, the next of the series, which comes in like a dark streak to contrast with the beautiful story which has just been told, and as if to give us the picture of—

The Queen, who sat betwixt her best
 Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her Court
 The wiliest and the worst;

and we have here in Merlin's mouth two or three lines which give the account of the origin of the misery afterwards so beautifully expanded in *Guinevere*. *Elaine*, the next Idyll, a great relief after the disagreeable story, however skilfully wrought up, of Vivien and Merlin, shows us the main stream, so to speak, of the poet's purpose in a much more advanced stage of its course. The Queen is almost as much concerned in it as the Maid of Astolat herself, and we have also the first traits of the remorse and repentance of Lancelot, afterwards so finely worked out in the *Holy Grail*. This last is by far the grandest of the new Idylls; but it is not only in itself a splendid piece of poetry, it also opens to us the character of many of the Knights of the Round Table, it adds many new touches to the character of Arthur himself, and it prepares us for the final downbreak and dissolution of the Order. To the King, the Holy Grail is—

A sign to maim this Order which I made;

working, though in a different way, to the same end with the internal corruption of the Knights whom he had gathered—

In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.

Pelleas and Ettarre, the last of the new poems, in which Mr. Tennyson has adhered with more closeness than usual to the old romance, is the last note of preparation for the catastrophe, and the strains which the poet has woven into the story as he found it have all reference to the main plot. In the romance, Sir Pelleas is consoled for the treachery of his lady, but here we have him goaded to madness by Percivale's insinuation as to the want of truth in all the knights, not even excepting the King, and the piece winds up with his encounter with Lancelot—

"I have many names," he cried,
"I am wrath, and shame, and hate, and evil fame,
And like a poisonous wind I pass to blast
And blaze the crime of Lancelot and the Queen."

And the conclusion leads us at once to the inevitable outbreak—

But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce,
She quailed, and he hissing, "I have no sword!"
Sprang from the door into the dark. The Queen
Look'd hard upon her lover, he on her,
And each foresaw the dolorous day to be;

And all talk died, as in a grove all song
 Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey.
 Then a long silence came upon the hall,
 And Mordred thought, "The time is near at hand."

There are few pieces in English poetry that can compare to *Guinevere*. It is very simple, though there is great dramatic skill in the dialogue between the Queen and the little novice at Almesbury, who probes to the quick every wound of the conscience of Guinevere without knowing who she is; but Arthur's speech, and the passionate outbreak of the Queen's grief when he is gone, rise to a height of unexampled grandeur mingled with tenderest feeling. There is little in the former Idylls to prepare us for the Queen's own part here, but Arthur is here only the natural growth of a character which has all along been ripening upon us, and the whole scene has now some anticipatory notes in the narrative given by Lancelot in the *Holy Grail* of his own part in the Quest. After the solemn penitence and forgiveness of Guinevere, we are naturally led on to the close of all, the *Passing of Arthur*—which is in fact the old *Morte d'Arthur*, familiar for so many years back to the admirers of Mr. Tennyson, with some two hundred lines prefixed to it, and (if we remember right) the conclusion slightly altered.

We see no link in this chain of poems which could well have been missed. In the same way, if any one will take the pains—and they will well reward him—to trace out the gradual unfolding of the two principal characters, who are certainly creations of Mr. Tennyson, Arthur and Lancelot, he will find, we are sure, the most complete unity and continuousness of purpose. In the old romance, magnificent as are some passages, this delineation of character will be looked for in vain. As surely as Shakespeare made Hamlet, so surely has Mr. Tennyson made Lancelot, nor has he shown his true genius in anything more than in the manner in which he has chosen or rejected the over-abundant materials lying before him in the pages of Sir Thomas Malory. It may indeed be objected to him from the other side, as it were, that he has transformed altogether what he has taken from the old romancer. Yes, he has transformed and transfigured it, and made it glow with a life and beauty of his own. It is the life and beauty, no doubt, of modern poetry, and it would not have pleased those for whom the *Morte d'Arthur* was written any more than that work as it stands will take possession of the public of our time. There may be faults and weaknesses in our modern poets generally, and these may be reflected in Mr. Tennyson as well as

in others. But we must measure him by the standard of his own time, of which he is pre-eminently the representative poet, and among poets, representative or not, almost unrivalled for exquisite polish, splendid language, and delicate taste. He resembles Virgil among the ancients in his poetic lore, and in that sort of learning which can be attributed to poets as belonging to their craft. He uses the plain Saxon of our present times, he takes his images from natural objects within the reach of all, he is sometimes simple even so far as to bring himself within the range of a charge of affectation. He is the most English of poets, and yet he is an example of the power of careful training and of the study of the classical models. If any one is inclined to join the senseless outcry against the use of the classics, he may be reminded that without these we should have had very few poets, and certainly not Tennyson. One of the charms of his writings, to those who know the ancients, is to meet the fragrance of Homer, or Virgil, or Æschylus, or Theocritus naturalised, as it were, "on the sounding shores of Bude and Boss," or in the halls of Camelot. How many who have read the beautiful lines in Arthur's appeal to Guinevere—

And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be yext with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair,

have known that they were the echo of a chorus in the Agamemnon? Or again, to whom but Homer do we owe—

. . . The island valley of Avilion,
Where falls not rain, or hail, or any snow,
Nor even wind blows loudly, but it lies,
Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.

Instances of this kind might be multiplied, but there is no need to do this for the lovers of Mr. Tennyson's poetry. The last lines in the extract just now quoted are, of course, modern in tone—at least, many would deny to ancient poetry that sense of the beauty of home landscape which they exemplify. If any one wishes to see exactly what use Mr. Tennyson has made of the old romance on which his poems are founded, in one of its very grandest passages, he cannot do better than compare the whole passage in Sir Thomas Malory's pages with the splendid part of the *Passing of Arthur* from which this extract is taken.

Dur Library Table.

1. THE construction of history upon the simple principle that orthodoxy is "my doxy" and heterodoxy every other, introduced by Mr. Kingsley and made familiar by Mr. Froude, has at last in the hands of Mr. Hepworth Dixon reached a point that it can hardly hope to pass. Mr. Dixon's *Her Majesty's Tower* (Hurst and Blackett, 1869) is a book of which it is hard to speak without an indignation which it is not worth. The culmination of a style of writing called forth of late years by the amount of half-educated taste in the country, craving spice in its mental food more than solidity, a style which consists in putting nothing as we should naturally expect it to be put, entering into history with the minuteness of a novel, nay into motives and causes with a minuteness which few novelists have attempted—omitting much that is at least matter of recorded assertion, and containing much that cannot pretend to be more than imagination—running off the reel without knot or hitch what the most industrious investigations have confessed to be a tangled skein—and all without one note or reference from the beginning to the end. The work is yet gravely put before us as a contribution to our knowledge, an enlightened press accepts it at its own valuation, and a discerning public buys six editions in less than as many months. Yet the very system of history pursued must surely condemn the book in the eyes of any thinking man. Nothing is ever given as doubtful or as possible—no character as hard to make out at this distance of time; this was so, and that was not; such a one was a hero, and such another was a villain; and all that is told in disparagement of the hero is a lie, and all that seems to make in favour of the villain is another. This is the fashion in which facts and judgments are thrust down our throats. Now, no man has a right to ask us to take things in this manner on his *ipse dixit* who has not shown himself to have without dispute both knowledge and honesty—honesty not merely in its harder and narrower sense, but that breadth of sympathy and largeness of mind which enable him to understand those with whom he does not agree, and to put a case fairly as well for a foe as against a friend.

In every particular Mr. Dixon fails to satisfy this test. As a brick from the building we take the commencement of the second volume. The subject is the various plots that disturbed the early years of James I.'s reign; the object is the glorification of the English party, and the confounding of Spaniards and Papists. The villains of the

piece are played by the Jesuits and the converts, who had imported from Italy, we are told, a sort of Catholicism not more new to Protestants than to the old English Catholics. These last are represented as having nothing in common with their fanatical brethren, above whom they stand as far in character as the Protestants above themselves, while on the top of the pyramid are placed those who made it their business in life to make war upon the villain, a race of heroes which culminates in Raleigh. Let us see what are Mr. Dixon's qualifications for following out this theme through those tangled times. First, as to knowledge. He speaks (in his remarks prefatory to the Powder Plot) of Campion as free in England after the departure of Parsons, and under the Prefectship of Weston, whereas he was in prison a month before the former went, and was dead two years before the latter came (Simpson's *Campion*, p. 228; Oliver's *Collectanea*, &c.). He talks of the Earl of Arundel—a layman—as saying Mass; he tells us emphatically that all the Gunpowder conspirators were converts, as also the Jesuits, whom he takes for granted to have shared their treason. The statement is simply monstrous. Catesby, the framer of the Plot, was probably never a Protestant at all, and was certainly a Catholic from the mature age of seven. Tresham's case is exactly similar. Faux was a Catholic from at least his boyhood; the Winters were Catholics all their lives. Of the four Jesuits he names, Garnet alone was a convert; Gerard, Greenway, and Oldcorne, were all old Catholics. [See for the conspirators, Jardine; and for the Jesuits, Oliver]. Such ignorance strikes us strangely amid a detailed account of all these men's incomings and outgoings, &c., in the mouth of one who affects to speak of them familiarly, as Tom, and Frank, and Kit. But individual blunders are slight when compared to the monstrous blunder of the whole assumption. The type of the Jesuitico-convert spirit, the anti-type of the old Catholic one, is held to be found in Parsons and Campion, and their compeers. Now these men of middle age in 1580, when they came to England, had been born in the days of Henry VIII.; they were therefore not born Protestants, and if of parents who followed the King's schism, the Catholicity that first influenced their minds was not old only because it was not Papal. So much for blunders pure and simple. There are others which we must attribute rather to audacity, so extravagant is their complexion. When, for instance, in advancement of the same theme—the freedom from Papal influences of the old English Church—the first clause of *Magna Charta* is quoted, "the English Church shall be free," has the author forgotten, or does he expect his readers to forget, that this freedom was demanded of the King and not of the Pope, that the precise occasion for the demand was the refusal of the King to accept as Primate the Pope's nominee; nay, that it was that very Cardinal Langton who penned the clause? But these faults are venial beside deliberate unfairness, and of deliberate unfairness we fail to see how Mr. Dixon can be acquitted. We seem to find it in all its

possible complexions, in sins of omission and of commission, and of every combination of the two. The period we have selected to speak of is a sort of test period. The heroes and the villains of Mr. Dixon's pages were alike arraigned and alike condemned for conspiracy and treason. Let us see with what measure he metes out justice to the one party and the other. Raleigh had been in the "Maine," he was accused by Lord Cobham, his accomplice, his guilt was established by the intercepted letters of Aremburg (Lingard, vii., 18). He had himself to acknowledge that he had asked for a pension from Spain (Cobbett's *State Trials*, ii., 29, &c.). What does Mr. Dixon tell us? He tells us that he again reaffirmed it in the most solemn terms upon the scaffold (Sir Dudley Carlton's letter in Cobbett, Lingard, &c.); of Aremburg's letters, and of the pension we hear not a word; nay, we are asked to believe that Raleigh's only share in the "Maine" was a "light laugh" in Cobham's face as a dreamer, when he proposed it.

On the other hand, as we are never allowed to suppose that he or Grey had a fair trial, so we are never allowed to suppose that the Jesuits had an unfair one. We hear nothing of Coke scoring out with a "huc usque" the passage in Faux's evidence that exculpated Gerard (Tierney's *Dodd*, iv., 43; Lingard, vii., 45, &c. Original in State Paper Office), of Secretary Salisbury's instruction to Coke, telling him to "lay in Owen as foul as may be" (Jardine, p. 142. State Paper Off.), of James' own saying in the case of Garnet, that the Jesuit had not fair play; while by a reversal of the process employed in the case of Raleigh and Cobham we do not hear that Bates, the only conspirator who accused the Jesuits, afterwards retracted his accusation as false and extorted by fear (Eudæmon Joannes, p. 6). We have it assumed throughout that Garnet was not only accessory but principal in the Plot, yet we have no notice of the assertion that the jury—hostile as it was—brought him guilty only of concealment of knowledge (Lingard, vii., 78, note). The undoubted violence attempted, or feigned to be attempted, by Raleigh against himself is told simply as a weak invention of the enemy, while the story of Owen's suicide is told simply as matter of fact, in spite of Gerard's denial, and in spite of the circumstance that the body was not buried at four cross-roads, a circumstance that gives much colour to the story that he died on the rack, and that the Government dared not show his body. We had almost said that every story against a Jesuit coming from any quarter is received, but there is a notable case of eλεκticism. Abbott tells two stories about Garnet's youth, one absurdly incredible, the other more vile, but also more conceivable (Jardine, p. 172). Both stories should be quoted, or neither; it is simply dishonest to give, as Mr. Dixon does, that which men will believe, and to say not a word of that which would damage the testimony on which both rest.

But more.¹ The spies who in the Tower overheard Garnet's confession to Oldcorne, allege that he accused himself of twice having

been "fain to go to bed betimes" in consequence of having drunk "extraordinarily." In Mr. Dixon's hands this becomes *being so drunk* as to need *to be put* to bed, and at another time he adds, *by his servant*. Worst of all, a vile charge against the same Father, for which acute and unfriendly critics, such as Jardine, see no foundation—nay, which Mr. Dixon himself is obliged professedly to disown—he yet implies again and again with prurient ingenuity, and while a ribald taunt of Waad's on the subject twice over (once for variety being attributed to Coke), we hear not a word of Garnet's noble reply, "This hall, Sir, is a hall of justice" (Garnet's letter to Anne Vaux—apud Jardine).

And this it seems is history! This, tricked out with what it is the fashion to call vivid writing, with descriptions couched in the present tense and the future instead of the past, the emphatic sentences after the French fashion with paragraphs to themselves, and with imagination of what should have been supplying the omission of chroniclers who failed to tell us what was; this is, in the opinion of the press, "eloquent and graphic," "ripe scholarship and noble English," "more interesting than a novel, and as true as history;" and, finally, "generous in its display of new and interesting information;" which last phrase, by the way, is almost as much a puzzle to us as one of Mr. Dixon's own, when he describes Pope Paul V. as a man "of chilled and fervent passions."

2. Nine Religious Houses in different parts of England and Wales have been presented us—by the hands in the first place of their annalists, and in the second by the careful editing of Mr. Luard—with valuable historical materials for periods varying from A.D. 1 to 1432 (*Annales Monastici*, edited by H. R. Luard, M.A., five vols. Longmans, 1864—69). These Houses are—Margan, Glamorganshire; Burton-on-Trent; Waverley; Bermondsey; Tewksbury; Winchester; Dunstable; Osney, at Oxford; and Worcester. They have contributed contemporary records from the dates of their foundation; copying from earlier chronicles, and from documents sent down to them to be preserved in each monastery. Of these annals the most valuable portions are those in which we find the history of the thirteenth century; indeed, for the latter part of the reign of Henry III. there is no other authority than that which we obtain from these pages; and the only copies of the regulations and oaths forced upon the King in 1258 are to be found in the annals of Burton, with several other details of the highest importance, down to such minor events as the capture of a sturgeon in the Trent.

The Winchester annals are principally valuable from their local connections. Of these the "royal city" held a high place in the kingdom; and Waverley, the earliest Cistercian House in England, has an interest attached to it, not merely from its connection with the parent monastery of Aumône, but also from the number of its members who went from it to rule other Houses of the Order. Under

1228 and 1229, we find a contemporary record of the canonisation of St. Francis, and an interesting letter from Acre on the treaty of Frederick II. with the Sultan of Cairo, and his coronation in Jerusalem; together with much that is important in general history.

The annals of Dunstable have an historical value which it is not easy to estimate too highly. They did not escape old Thomas Hearne, the antiquary; but his edition, printed from a transcript, and now exceedingly scarce, is precious chiefly in the eyes of a *bibliophile*; all the errors of the transcriber Wanley being most faithfully reproduced. Pictures of "the life and times" are vividly painted by the author, Richard de Morris, of whose life Mr. Luard has collected interesting particulars. The annalist of Bermondsey has given us a fairly complete history of the monastery, and it is in this that the value of his chronicle consists, the compilation not being contemporaneous.

Oseney Island, at Oxford, the early seat of the Bishopric, has two annalists, one of whom was probably Thomas Wykes. Their chronicles, printed together, occupy the greater part of Mr. Luard's fourth volume, and contain many interesting notices of Oxford in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Thus in 1133 we find Pope Lucius promoting Robert Poule, a divinity lecturer at Oxford, for his lectures on the Divine Scriptures. The thirteenth century supplies some sort of precedent for the modern unseemly squabbles between Town and Gown, now happily dying out. The Dominicans and Franciscans established themselves and enlarged their Houses. Floods of more than ordinary height occurred in 1280. Four years later, at the visitation of Archbishop Peckham, the Masters were convicted of erroneous teaching; no less than six errors in grammar, six in logic, and eighteen in natural philosophy being condemned. May members of the University commission make a note of this, as a useful and appropriate example for themselves.

The Worcester annals are next in value to those of Dunstable, and contain many particulars of the life and miracles of St. Wulstan, besides much local history of great interest. The fifth volume of the collection consists of a very full and exact Index and Glossary, which completes one of the most important publications of the Master of the Rolls. There remains the great ecclesiastical history of Edmund of Hadenham, and sundry short monastic chronicles still unedited. Mr. Luard concludes his Preface with some remarks on the literary labours of monks, which are, on the whole, just and considerate.

3. The judgment of Protestants on the value of the Latin translations of the Holy Scriptures has of late years altered in a surprising manner. The Council of Trent had no sooner put the Vulgate into our hands as an authentic text of the Bible than our enemies found no expression too strong to mark sufficiently their reprobation of it. But, as in so many instances, so here also, the advances of science were forced to undertake the justification of the conduct of the

Church, and it is Protestant investigators themselves, above all Lackmann and Tischendorf, who, by their critical labours, especially on the New Testament, have demonstrated that the text which is the basis of our Vulgate is the purest and nearest to the original of all the revisions. Hence it is not to be wondered at that now-a-days, when this conviction of the superiority of our old Latin translations is daily gaining ground among Protestants, these last are applying themselves with greater industry to a better understanding of them, and we greet with pleasure, therefore, the work *Das Sprachidiom der Urchristlichen Itala und der Katholischen Vulgata unter Berücksichtigung der Römischen Volkssprache durch Beispiele erläutert* (Von Hermann Rönsch, Diakon zu Lohenstein. Marburg und Leipzig, 1869), as the first-fruits of this new conviction.

The Word of God was not announced by the Apostles and their first disciples in the language of the learned and educated men of the time; the Gospel was, according to the will of God, to be preached first and foremost to the poor. In order, however, to make it intelligible to these, the Apostles had in their language to descend to them, and thus to employ for their catechetical instructions or sermons the idiom of every-day life and use. Thus we see that, as the seventy interpreters, so also the authors of the New Testament wrote not in the Hellenic *lingua literata*, but in the Græco-Judaic *lingua vulgaris*. Exactly the same phenomenon meets us in the West. Here, too, it is not the language of the cultivated inhabitants of the capital of the Roman Empire which the Latin translators made use of, but the *lingua quotidiana, rustica, plebeia* of the provincials. Now, while we have long possessed able works, both dictionaries and grammars, to assist us to an understanding of the Hellenistic idiom of Sacred Scripture, there has been up to the present little thought of performing the same service for the Latin dialect of the Itala and Vulgata. Even Catholics themselves have almost entirely neglected this branch of Biblical philology. Beyond occasional notes in commentaries, we are acquainted with but one small work which enters at all deeply into the language of the Vulgate, viz., Hagen, *Sprachliche Erörterungen zur Vulgata* (Freiburg, 1863). There is doubtless much able work in this, but the task is not complete, as the author died before finishing it. A complete arrangement of the grammatical peculiarities of the old Latin translations was therefore still a desideratum. Herr Rönsch has in great measure supplied this want, though he has left much for successors in the same field.

The introduction (pp. 1—21) opens with the old question discussed in the January number of the MONTH, whether one or several translations of the Sacred Scriptures existed before the time of St. Jerome. Relying on the well-known passages of Tertullian, and especially of St. Augustine, the author decides in favour of the second view, and adds that, among the "many" Latin translations the best was the Itala, and that a knowledge of it is to be gained especially from Tertullian and St. Augustine. After he has briefly and rightly determined

the connection of the Clementine Vulgate with the Itala, and proved by numerous quotations from profane writers the existence of a Latin dialect of the people different from that of literature, he proceeds to the accomplishment of his own special task, by placing side by side in five chapters the idiomatic difference between the Latin Biblical translations and the literary language, and by showing the agreement of the former with the popular dialect.

In the very first chapter, which deals with the formation of words (pp. 22—251), the language of the Itala presents itself as a peculiarly popular language, characterised by its predilection for vigorous full-sounding forms. To it belong the so common substantive endings: —mentum, —monium, —arium, —orium, —anium, —ura, —udo, &c.; the adjective endings: —bilis, —alis, —osus, —urnus, —bundus; the adverb endings: —iter (duriter, sinceriter, &c.); the new and numerous secondary verb forms, viz., *dulcorare*, *amaricare*, *assiduare*, *potentari*, &c.; and the remarkable compositions, viz., many with *loquium* (*multiloquium*, *stultiloquium*, &c.), with *cor* (*mundicordes*, *duricordia*, &c.), and many others. Numerous corresponding examples from those profane authors, who, such as the comedians, most resemble the people in their vulgar dialect, and from those Latin ecclesiastical writers who belonged to the provinces, as Tertullian, and the old interpreter of Irenæus, show us clearly that we have to seek the translator in the provinces, and even in Africa.

The second chapter (pp. 258—304) is of less interest; it treats of the irregular inflections of nouns and verbs. Even here the author makes us see, by corresponding examples, the agreement with the vulgar dialect, and we are warned against too hastily denouncing as solecisms those forms which deviate from classical language.

The third chapter is of the greatest importance; it points out the peculiarities of meaning (pp. 305—405). We must, however, unfortunately admit that we consider this part of the work as the least satisfactory. Much, doubtless, of great interest is here presented, and the exegetical student will often usefully consult this section. But one, and in our opinion the most important part of the task, is almost entirely omitted. As the seventy interpreters and the Apostles were compelled to give a new meaning to a large number of Greek words, in order to express by them those ideas which were quite unknown to the heathen, so the Latin translators of Holy Scriptures had to form, as it were, a new language, and they, too, had to apply a Christian meaning to the heathen words. We need not here point out what interest a collection of these Christianised words would possess, what light they would throw on the classical tongue itself, and what results we should arrive at as to the meaning of the Greek word and the idea expressed by it to the mind of the translator. It is therefore much to be regretted that the learned author has been satisfied with collecting those peculiarities of meaning which the translator found already more or less adopted in the vulgar tongue.

The fourth section is of no less importance, since it gives us the syntactical peculiarities (pp. 406—455). These are appropriately divided into idioms, Græcisms, and Hebraisms. On this ground Hagen has already, in the above-mentioned work, well opened the way. Still, Herr Rönsch has found the opportunity of adding much. However, as regards the phenomena which he calls Græcisms, we do not everywhere agree with him. Of course we do not deny that the dialect of the Itala is rich in Græcisms, but the author classes many peculiarities under this head which do not belong to it. The Greek translators of many books of the Old Testament, *e.g.*, of the Psalms, stuck slavishly close to the Hebrew text, and as the Itala was as slavishly close to the Greek translation, many of these forms are to be considered as Hebraisms (in the New Testament as Aramaisms). Thus, *e.g.*, the use of the positive instead of the comparative—a form very common in the Psalms—is wrongly called a Græcism, for even though similar modes of expression are to be found in the Greek classics, they are still so rare that we cannot look upon this change of the degrees as a peculiarity of the Greek language. That in this we have only to do with a usage of Greek caused by the Hebrew, is clear from the single fact that this change, so common in the Septuagint, is only found once in the whole of the New Testament (Matt. xviii. 8, and in the parallel passage, Mark ix. 43—45). The same holds good for the addition of the demonstrative to the relative pronoun, so frequent in the Psalms (Psalm xviii. 4—“*Quorum non audiantur voces eorum*”). Certainly in Greek, also, demonstratives are at times used in relative clauses pleonastically, but still this is only on rhetorical principles, of which there can be no question in the numerous passages of the Septuagint and the not unfrequent passages of the New Testament (Cf. Winer, *Grammatik des Neutestamentlichen Sprachidioms*, 6 aufl., s. 134). Even here we have a Hebraism (Aramaism), since, as is well known, in Hebrew and in Aramai, there is no proper relative *pronoun*, but merely a *nota relationis*, which finds its necessary complement in the pronoun to be added. On the other hand, the author might have marked the use of *est* with infinitive in the sense “it is possible” (Sap. v., 10)—a use called a peculiarity by him—as a Græcism, since *ἔστι* with an infinitive is often employed in this sense. Many criticisms of this sort might be made.

The fifth, less important, chapter deals with the orthographic peculiarities of the Itala (pp. 455—471). We hardly believe it will ever be possible to determine how far the peculiarities in the orthography as we have it are due to the translators, and what share the ignorance or the carelessness of later transcribers has in the form as handed down. All our manuscripts are too recent to give a certain result, yet, though investigations on this ground were to lead to results not to be doubted, these would only be of value to the philologist, and on the purely philological ground we will not enter.

The work concludes with a far too compressed criticism on the

language of the Vulgate (pp. 471—483), and a complete alphabetical index of the words discussed, which makes the use of the book easy, and thus enhances its value.

We can only thank for this industrious production, even though it is not complete and free from mistakes, and we would entertain the hope that the book may lead to a complete grammar and lexicon of the language of the Itala, such as we already possess for the Greek of the New Testament, and partially, also, for the Septuagint.

4. In 1864 Cardinal Wiseman wrote the following words in his Preface to Mr. David Lewis' translation of the *Works of St. John of the Cross*: "It is a mere act of justice to say, that the translation of these difficult works has been made with a care seldom bestowed upon such books when rendered from a foreign language. So simple, so clear, and so thoroughly idiomatic is this version, that the reader will never have to read a sentence twice from any obscurity of language, however abstruse the subject may be. Indeed he will almost find a difficulty in believing that the work is a translation, and has not been written originally as he reads it, in his own tongue."

It is a great advantage to the Catholics all over the world who use our English tongue, that the able translator of the writings of St. John of the Cross has now given us the invaluable autobiography of St. Teresa, whom the Cardinal called the "Twin Saint" of the mystic Carmelite Friar. The benefit here conferred upon us is a permanent one, and the Life of St. Teresa, written by herself, is now as much our possession as if St. Teresa had written it in English (*The Life of S. Teresa of Jesus*, of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel, written by herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. 1870). The translation has been made from the edition of Don Vicente de la Fuente (Madrid, 1861, 1862) who collated the original text in the handwriting of the Saint, which is preserved among the relics of the Church of the Escorial. The "Life" is followed by a collection of papers which form almost another Life of the Saint, and which were called by her "Relations." They are manifestations of her spiritual state submitted at various times to her confessors. Thus we have in this grand book perhaps the most copious spiritual autobiography of a Saint, and of a highly favoured Saint, that exists. We have the most thorough insight into the interior of one of the noblest souls that our Lord has sanctified. Mystical Saint as she was, this is a book from which no one can fail to derive profit. That which strikes us in every page is the strong good sense which always mingled with the fervent piety of St. Teresa. It is the combination of these two things, a natural judgment and intellect of a very high order, and ecstatic fervour of devotion that renders this revelation of the inmost soul of St. Teresa so singularly attractive.

All readers of this delightful volume will unite with us in the wish

that Mr. David Lewis may continue to enrich us by translations of other great works of ascetic or mystic theology, which Spanish Saints and Doctors have left in their own language as their legacy to the Church.

5. The translator of the *Année Liturgique* has, in realisation of his promise, just presented us with another volume of the *Liturgical Year*, a volume singularly interesting to the Catholic, regarding as it does the season during which we commemorate the great mysteries of love connected with the sufferings of our dear Lord. Such a subject was sure to be handled both earnestly and piously by the venerable Abbot of Solesmes. Besides the pious meditations and reflections of the author, there are laid before us most beautiful hymns by Venantius on the veneration of the Cross; by Prudentius on the merit of fasting; as well as the striking compositions on cognate matters, taken from the Greek and Mozarabic Breviaries and the writings of Cosmas of Jerusalem. But what will perhaps particularly interest the general reader, is the account of ancient as well as modern observances in honour of this holy time. Prisoners liberated; slaves emancipated; poor abundantly provided for; penitents reconciled; altars denuded; churches expressive of nothing but intense mourning;—these and similar usages are brought before us in rapid and striking succession. Of course the history of Palm Sunday and Maundy Thursday, but also of Good Friday and Holy Saturday, is very full and overflowing with interest.

6. *Hester's History* (Chapman and Hall) is a reprint in two volumes from *All the Year Round*, in which periodical it succeeded Mr. Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone." From such antecedents one might be prepared for a clever and interesting tale, but hardly for the tone of purity and the high purpose which quietly and half unconsciously animate this book. The style, too is singularly fresh and bright, with scarcely a trace of commonplace or mannerism. The story has the advantage of having avoided the "inevitable" third volume, so that the plot instead of being drawled out seems rather a little hurried towards the close. The scene is for the most part laid in the north of Ireland during the troubled times at the end of the last century; and, although the tale belongs to a more attractive class of fiction than the historical novel, the incidental references to contemporary history seem to be carefully studied. We do not know what authority there is for the attitude assigned here to Lord O'Neill with regard to the Rebellion; but we can vouch for the picturesque vividness and truth of the description of Shane's Castle on the shores of Lough Neagh, and many other snatches of local colour. Sir Archie, the hero, is a strong, gentle, manly man, not of the "Mr. Rochester" type in favour with certain female novelists, nor yet one of your tiresome perfect people; and of course Hester, in the end, is fully worthy of him. The second-rate Janet Golden is very good of her kind. But the best character of all is

unquestionably Mrs. Hazeldean, who is one of those whom readers make a friend of for life and introduce often to their acquaintance—thoroughly good and unselfish, and wise and true, and yet quite natural and womanly. The bad people, who are prudently kept in the background, are drawn with less skill. The author seems much more at home with the cheerful holiness of Mother Augustine and her hospital than with the hardness and treachery of Lady Humphrey. If this were an average specimen of the novel of the period, the name would be less “offensive to pious ears.”

7. Father Sweeney has published a very interesting series of *Lectures on the Œcumenical Council* (Catholic Publishing Company, London), which he delivered towards the close of the last year in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Dublin. These lectures show the same learning, the same moderation, and the same close reasoning, as other former works of their author; and they supply a real want in the ecclesiastical literature of our time in England. Delivered before the meeting of the Council, they do not of course enter on its history or on what is known or, rather, conjectured, as to its proceedings; but they speak of it in general, as one of the long series of similar assemblies which have produced so much good both to the Church and to the world. The work is a very useful one to those who may desire to put before themselves, or their friends, Catholic or Protestant, clear and true notions as to the characteristics of Œcumenical Councils, as well as calm and moderate anticipations as to the possible results of the Council of the Vatican.

8. Mr. Thompson has added to his Library of Religious Biography the *Life of St. Stanislas Kostka*. It appears to be founded mainly on Bartoli's Life of the Saint, and on the subsequent works of Father Longaro and the Abbé Gaveau. Mr. Thompson is so well known to Catholic readers that we need hardly repeat that a work of this sort by him is sure to be conscientiously compiled, pleasantly written, devout in tone, and perfect in taste. Let us hope that the present volume may contribute to increase in this country the devotion to St. Stanislas.

9. We have to acknowledge the receipt from America of a part of a new translation of Father St. Jure's famous work, *De la Connaissance et de l'Amour de Jesus Christ*.* The translation seems well enough done, but there is some confusion in the arrangement, the “books” and “volumes” of the ordinary French edition—which is not exactly in the shape in which Father St. Jure left his work—being taken to be identical. Except this flaw, which may certainly perplex the reader, the translation is worthy of high commendation, and comes to us at a time when standard works such as these are very much needed in an English form.

* *A Treatise on the Knowledge and Love of our Lord Jesus Christ*, translated from the French of Father St. Jure. By a member of the Order of Mercy [a Sister of Mercy?]. New York, P. O'Shea. London, Burns and Oates.

10. Oliver Legipont in the Preface to his *Histoire Littéraire de l'Ordre de Saint Benoît*, quotes a saying of Bacon not wanting in penetration. "The history of the world without the history of literature is like a statue of Polyphemus. In a history so curtailed we do not see that part of the figure which more than all the rest displays the spirit and the character of the person." Those who in history only look for great events without occupying themselves with the slow but resistless causes which have produced them, trouble themselves little about ideas which have prevailed, or tendencies which may have been suppressed, but which may have nevertheless existed, or books written to support or approve these ideas and tendencies. It is quite otherwise with those who bear in mind that societies as well as individuals have instincts, opinions, will, and life, and that these powers, often concealed from the common gaze, are in constant action, and often end by bursting forth and bringing about vast changes for good or for evil. Now, next to the history of manners and customs, nothing so completely unfolds the spirit of societies as literary history. It is a witness to the good and evil services rendered by writers to the Church and to the State, to peoples and individuals, and to their moral and intellectual culture. Before the end of the sixteenth century indeed we meet with scarcely any but general ecclesiastical bibliographies; but after Anthony of Siena, historian of the Order of St. Dominic, and the Jesuit Father Peter Ribadeneira, who had been instructed by St. Ignatius himself, and had known personally the principal Jesuit authors, had published, the one in 1585 his *Bibliotheca Ordinis Fratrum Predicatorum*, the other in 1602 a portion of a *Catalogue of the Writers of the Society of Jesus*, which he speedily completed; authors belonging to most of the other Religious Orders followed in their steps. Kingdoms, provinces, towns, and various societies soon felt the want of bibliographies of their own authors, until bibliography became so important a branch of history that at last we have a bibliography of bibliography itself (*Bibliotheca Bibliographica*. J. Julius Pelzholdt. Leipsic, 1869).

The slight sketch published by Father Ribadeneira in 1602 was very imperfect and incomplete. Of the first incomplete attempt of Father Ribadeneira at a list of the writers of the Society of Jesus, no copy is known to exist; but having completed and improved it by the help of his colleagues, he published in 1608, from the press of Moretus, the successor of Plantinus at Antwerp, the *Catalogus Scriptorum Religionis Societatis Jesu*. In the following year the same work appeared at Lyons with corrections on the French Jesuit authors. For some reason or another this edition was not put into circulation.

But the Italian Fathers were not satisfied with the work of Ribadeneira, and Father Nigronius pointed out many omissions and inaccuracies which enabled Father Andrew Schott to print at the Plantine press in 1613 a fourth, greatly enlarged, entitled, like that of Lyons, the second edition. In 1640, Father Philippe d'Alegambe, a native of Brussels, who for some years previously had been engaged

in completing the work of Father Ribadeneira, submitted the result of his labours for approval. The publication, however, was delayed on account of the Decree of Urban VIII., on the honour paid to Saints, as it spoke of the holiness of life, miracles and revelations of several Fathers who had not been canonised or beatified, but it appeared at last in 1643, with the ordinary protestation at the beginning. Ribadeneira had attached no importance to dates, place of publication, or the size of the works; these details were in great measure supplied by Alegambe.

An outcry arose on the publication, by a Society scarcely a century old, of a list of writers larger than those of the oldest and most learned Religious Orders. Father Pallavicini was obliged in 1649 to insert in his *Vindicia Societatis Jesu*, a chapter in defence of the Society against the accusation of "Librorum edendorum intemperantia." To avoid a repetition of this accusation, Father Nathaniel Southwell, who in 1675 was preparing to publish a new *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Societatis Jesu*, was allowed to add to the work only those authors who had published a "justum volumen," omitting translators and unimportant authors, except such as had already appeared in Alegambe's work. This work contains the names of 2,240 authors. The notices of their lives were considerably abridged. With the growth of the Society the number of its authors rapidly increased. Towards the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries a number of notices were collected by the Provincials by order of the Generals, Thyrus Gonzales de Tontalla, and his successor, Michael Angelo Tamburini. These were put into the hands of Father Oudin by the next General, Francis Retz. In 1752, the year of his death, Oudin's work, comprising the four first letters of the alphabet, contained 1,928 notices, with 700 others in preparation, but little remains of it except some notices appearing in Gonjel's Supplement to Moreri's Dictionary in 1749.

The suppression of the Society prevented Father Antonio Zaccaria, into whose hands the materials collected by Oudin and his assistant Curtois had fallen, from continuing the work. It was however taken in hand by Father Diosdado Caballero, a Spanish ex-Jesuit, as they were called after the suppression, assisted by another learned ex-Jesuit, Arevalo, who recovered the manuscripts of Father Curtois from the editors of Father Zaccaria. The first object of Father Caballero was to draw up a list of authors, and he succeeded in collecting 4,400 names. But his great aim was to show upon what eminent men the blow of the suppression had fallen,* and accordingly he took great pains with the bibliography of the ex-Jesuits. This first series appeared in 1814 as a first supplement to the work of Father Southwell; a second series with an Appendix appeared in 1816, devoted like the first, principally to the works of the ex-Jesuits. At his death

* "Est illud profecto mirandum quod ex destructa Societate tot prodierint qui ejusdem fuerunt sodales, scriptores illustres de universa litteratura bene-merentissimi" (Approbatio Magistri Sacri Palatii).

he left four folio volumes in manuscript which were lost during the Revolution of 1848.

After the restoration of the Society, the extent of the work deterred those of the Fathers who were interested in the bibliography of the Society from undertaking anything beyond notices of authors of detached provinces. In 1850, Father Augustin de Backer, who had always shown a great talent for this branch of learning, had collected and arranged materials for two or three folios of 800 pages each. He saw at once that if it was so difficult to write a complete bibliography of the Society when all its Colleges were flourishing, it was impossible now that everything had been destroyed. His plan was therefore to publish his work in series according as he obtained sufficiently complete notices. What had been once printed would not be entirely lost, as was the case before with the works written in the provinces, and the abundant materials of Oudin, Curtois, and Caballero. This plan met with the full approbation of his Superiors, and, assisted by his brother Alois, he visited several libraries in Belgium, Italy, Germany, Holland, Austria, Sicily, France, and Spain, and in 1853, brought out at Liège the first series of the "*Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus* ou notices bibliographiques, I. de tous les ouvrages publiés par les membres de la C. de J. depuis la fondation de l'ordre jusqu'à nos jours ; II. des apologies, des controverses religieuses, des critiques littéraires et scientifiques suscitées à leur sujet, par Augustin et Alois de Backer, de la même Compagnie." The seventh and last series was published in 1861. The several volumes contained altogether notices of upwards of 6,800 writers. Father de Backer has since continued his work of collecting materials and visiting libraries, until, with the assistance of Father C. Sommervogel, he was able to increase his work by a third. To add two or three series more would have been greatly to increase the labour of searching for any particular name. The names contained in each volume were arranged alphabetically, and the name of any particular writer might have to be looked for in volume after volume. It was therefore decided to incorporate all the preceding series in a new edition in three folio volumes, of about 800 pages each. The first volume appeared towards the middle of 1869, containing the letters from A to G, in 784 pages of three columns each, the columns being numbered and not the pages. The print is good but small and close. Detailed biographical notices of the authors are omitted, as those who have attained any celebrity have already been noticed in various biographical dictionaries. The labour of collecting the titles of works, of the abridgments and translations of them, and of the controversies to which they have given rise, has presented enormous difficulties. It is by no means an easy task to give, for example, a notice of the works of Bourdaloue, that is to enumerate all the editions, partial or complete, of his translated works, together with historical and bibliographical details of any importance. Bourdaloue however occupies nine columns only of the present work, while Gretser has twenty-six, Canisius twenty, and Bellaumine forty-two. We can

form some idea of the immense extent of the labour of Father de Backer, when we consider that he has undertaken to search out the works of nearly eight thousand writers, living during three centuries, scattered through all countries of the world, writing in every formed idiom, and often even in the unstable idioms of the savages of the New World. Father de Backer has received but little aid from the works of Ribadeneira, Alegambe, and Southwell, who omitted the dates of the works, their size and form, and who always gave the title in Latin. He has found more assistance in the numbers of books which in our day give the lists of authors of particular countries and places, or of those engaged upon distinct sciences, as theology, mathematics, and also in printed catalogues of various libraries, public and private. The principal merit of Father de Backer and his colleagues is, that they have themselves seen the greater number of the works they describe. Their compilation reminds us forcibly of the old days of enormous folios, many of which were required to complete a single work.*

"Bibliotheca Classica."

THE *Bibliotheca Classica* is so well known to most persons who feel any interest at all in such publications, that any remarks upon it must be made rather with the view of comparing notes than of communicating information. It is almost superfluous therefore to premise that the work referred to is a series of Greek and Latin authors, edited by various scholars, under the direction of Mr. George Long and the late Rev. Arthur Maclean. The typography—to speak of externals first—is most refreshing to the eye, and, especially in the Greek text, excites pity, not unmingled with admiration, for those bygone students who spent their sight in deciphering "pig-tail." As for the literary execution, it is the work of the first scholars of our country and generation, Conington, Paley, Hepworth Thomson, Shilleto, the two editors, and others, whose names guarantee that their performance will not be ignoble. At the same time, a multitude of editors, however distinguished, can hardly all give satisfaction to the same student. There are as many different tastes in commentaries as there are in sauces. Scholars of a good digestion, or of reckless voracity, scout explanations of difficult passages; they call for the author genuine and ungarnished, save with different readings and discussions thereupon; difficulties they either see through at a glance, or can afford to overlook. Others, especially those miserable wights who are drifting into an examination, with scanty time at their command and scantier

* This notice is abridged from an exhaustive article in the *Etudes Religieuses, Historiques et Littéraires*, for February, 1870.

goodwill, no sooner light on a less obvious construction, than their eye drops to the footnotes, where they learn perhaps that there is another reading $\lambda\epsilon$ for $\tau\epsilon$, occurring in manuscripts A B T v, and in the margin w. So back they go to the bugbear, wishing that the editor were burnt on a pyre of his manuscripts. A third class, who read not so much for the diction as for the substance, would be glad of historical, philosophical, or strategic comments, a disquisition on the stability of Cæsar's bridge, or a solution of the mathematical puzzles in Plato. Some readers therefore of the *Bibliotheca Classica* may take our praise for blame, and our censure for condemnation. They will understand for themselves.

The first volumes that claim notice are those annotated by the two directors respectively, namely, Cicero's Orations, by Mr. Long, and Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, by Mr. Maclean. The annotations of both these scholars have a ring of blunt quaintness and straightforward common-sense, which captivates, and often amuses. They are not afraid of speaking in their own person, and giving glimpses of themselves as well as of their author; so that when we lay the book down, we feel that we have made a modern as well as an ancient acquaintance, neither of them unpleasant. At the same time, scholarship is not lacking; difficulties are conscientiously looked in the face, and there is extra information besides. Mr. Long is profuse in his expositions of Roman law, and there are few points in the social condition of those "spoilt children of victory" which we do not find illustrated with the full light of modern scholarship while we read Horace and Juvenal under the lamp of Mr. Maclean. We must especially commend the analyses prefixed to each of the satires and epistles. It always strikes us as the chief difficulty in Roman satire, that the place of the full stops is uncertain. A new turn of thought comes upon us by surprise, and whether it be but a continuation of what went before, or the starting-point of a really fresh topic, we are at a loss to determine. This difficulty will generally find a solution, plausible if not always convincing, by reference to these luminous summaries.

There is a moral question which every editor of Juvenal, and of Horace hardly less, has to decide. The question, and Mr. Maclean's decision, may be given in his own words, prefixed to Juvenal and Persius—

I have not thought it right to omit any part of these satires. The character of the writers is seen throughout, and the spirit even of the coarsest parts is manifestly that of virtue. I have had some experience of boys, and I believe that those are exceptions on whom such passages as are usually expunged are likely to produce an injurious effect. Wantonness is one thing, and the stern reproof of wantonness in terms it best understands is another, and few minds fail to see the difference. I have thought it enough to pass over the worst passages without comment.

Is not this, however, a case in which we should legislate for the few?

Against Mr. Long we have a few complaints, the chief being that many of his comments are hardly pertinent to the matter explained. Not that we object to the general principle, which in many instances

he so happily carries out, of illustrating the ancients by the moderns, but let the remark be an illustration of the text, not the text a peg on which the remark hangs arbitrarily. Otherwise the author is not appreciated, owing to the distractions caused by his commentator. How, for instance, can one follow the argument of the *Pro Sextio* through notes to this effect—

The Romans did sometimes punish a bad General and a bad Governor. We have no means so efficient as they had of bringing such men to trial. A man may spoil a campaign, misgovern a province, cause mischief infinite by incapacity, carelessness, and neglect of duty, and he will escape scot-free, protected by the powerful order to which he belongs, by the want of ready means of bringing him to trial, and by the cost and risk to the prosecutor who shall venture to attack a great offender.

It was Mr. Long's misfortune to quarrel with Cicero while engaged in explaining him. He excuses his numerous deprecatory remarks on the orator's personal character by saying that they are wrung from him by lengthened acquaintance, and that he esteemed the man more before he came to scan his works so closely. Mr. Long may be right in taking this view; we cannot call him fortunate. Both commentaries and biographies seem to us equally to need being founded on admiration for the person whose writings are illustrated or actions detailed. Else if the reader is incessantly reminded that the pages on which his ingenuity is being exercised proceeded from a conceited, time-serving, and unprincipled man, can he relish the language which he sees streaming from such a source? There are some speeches coupled together with those of Cicero, but carefully pointed out as spurious. Such are the "*Quum Senatui Gratias Agit*," the "*Quum Populo*," and the "*De Domo Sua*." We recommend Mr. Long's handling of the latter speech as a lesson in the dissection of shams. It can hardly be called anything else. Thus we have comments like the following; rubbish they would be, were they not subjoined to rubbish—

Markland, who saw the absurdity of the passage, and said that the man was either stupid or drunk when he wrote it, did not however see the meaning, and Gesner did. The Englishman saw there was nothing in the sentence but absurdity; and he had not patience to get at the meaning of the man. The German found out what the simpleton meant to say, and he admired it. That is the difference between the two.

Altogether we should say of Mr. Long, that his edition of Cicero is more suited for the middle-aged man recalling his classical reminiscences in the midst of the business of life, than for the student who is still only fitting himself to enter the arena. On the latter, Mr. Long's numerous and lengthy parallels, drawn between past and present, will often be thrown away.

Turning to the Greek side of the *Bibliotheca*, the eyes is at once caught by the numerous contributions of Mr. Paley—an *Æschylus*, with a companion translation, an *Euripides* in three volumes, a *Hesiod*, and half an *Iliad*. Though the merit is high throughout, the order above given might perhaps express the gradation. We

can only think of two classes of scholars that could possibly be dissatisfied with the *Æschylus*. The first class would be composed of such as had laboriously conned over the poet for years, with little to help them but their own brain, and by dint of perseverance had encircled themselves with a bevy of explanations, to which they found Mr. Paley's volume do rude violence. It is certainly galling, after having wrung a meaning out of a chorus that had no meaning, to find our labour scattered to the winds by an alteration of the text. Other readers may take up the work, admire its spirit, and resolve to outstrip its author. Attempts of this nature have been made with no marked success. Now that Mr. Conington is gone, *plurima consentiunt gentes* that Mr. Paley's eyes have seen furthest of living Englishmen into the *Æschylean* gloom. Passing thence to the pathetic homeliness and philosophical melancholy of the third great tragedian of Athens, we find still the offer of the same guidance. Not that the obstacles to be met with are not of a different character, and in some sort less formidable. There is less of hopeless corruption, and fewer darkly-spoken horrors. The *Helena* is as difficult as any of its author's extant works, but the *Helena* is sunshine itself compared with the *Choephora*. But Euripides has been vilified beyond measure, we think, by German critics and English imitators. In their pages he figures as the ideal of the heartless voluptuary, the scorner of gods and hater of men, the spoiler who stripped tragedy of her heavenly ornaments, and arrayed her in that tawdry garb of commonplace sensationalism which, in Greece at least, she never afterwards succeeded in casting off. Such is the notion which many a young student forms of a poet, the idol of the most intellectual audience that ever filled a theatre, before he has read one of those smart dialogues, or honied lyrics, or graphic narrations which Attic ears knew how to appreciate. Who can love hard Greek—for Euripides is not always easy—when seasoned by such caustic reflections upon its writer? Better leave a study alone than engage in it at such disadvantage. Mr. Paley, therefore, does well to vindicate his author's character before proceeding to set forth that author's works. He argues that in the mind which could conceive beings like Ion, Hippolytus, and Alcestis, there must have been set up no mean moral standard; that the rationalism and apparent blasphemies in Euripides are but the ravings of a genius too exalted for Polytheism, too weak to soar into truth; and finally, that the assumption, which the Germans start with, of the lineaments of tragedy becoming less noble the more they are drawn to the life, is an assertion of questionable accuracy. Readers may accept of this counter plea or not, only, if they reject it, we should advise them, in the interests of their own mental culture, to revert to Sophocles or *Æschylus*, and not strike the vein of Euripidean ore till they have exhausted all the wealth of the other two dramatists, it being an ungracious and well-nigh a profitless task to read poetry which one does not admire. They who do admire Euripides, however, will find Mr. Paley heartily sympathising with them, and—a merit too rare in

commentators — he does not let beauties slip by without dropping some remark whence the student may gather that his own admiration is shared by his instructor. We would not have hands clapped and *lepide dictum* appended to every third line, but we do think that a great deal more might be done for the classics, especially when they are in the hands of more advanced boys, by calling attention from the grammar and the dictionary to the ideas expressed, and explaining in brief where the grandeur of those ideas lies.

The editions of *Æschylus* and *Euripides* are to us the most satisfactory of Mr. Paley's performances. Not that the scholarship which he displays over *Homer* and *Hesiod* is in any degree inferior, but there, alas! we are confronted by the unpleasant questions of authorship and interpolation. The *Theogony* is adjudged from *Hesiod*, nor are the verses either of that poem or of the *Works and Days* all put down to the same antiquity. In like manner it is disheartening to be continually reminded that what we reverence as part of the *Iliad* is probably the addition of some wandering troubadour, hundreds of years after the keel of the poem was laid. The fine simile of *Apollo*, the plague-smiter, "coming on like night," is thus ruthlessly treated in Mr. Paley's edition. We are bound to add, however, that *Zenodotus* had here set the example. Limits are likewise laid down where the original speeches ended and subsequent appendages begin. But the question of interpolations becomes wholly secondary when the original authorship is called into doubt, and even the author's very personality swept away. Such has been the sad fate of *Homer* in the *Bibliotheca Classica*. It cannot, therefore, be otherwise than a misfortune for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* that they are sentenced at such a high tribunal to wander as foundlings *incerti auctoris*. No wonder that all who fancy they see a flaw in Mr. Paley's argument, prefer to read their "Homer" elsewhere than in the *Bibliotheca Classica*. Honest *Karl Tauchnitz* allows them to believe that the tale of *Troy* divine was first heard from a single pair of lips, so to *Tauchnitz* they fly for refuge from sceptical introductions and suspicion-breathing notes.

Similar, we believe, will be the impulse of most students who open the *Sophocles* contributed to the series by Mr. *Blaydes*. As Mr. Paley takes *Homer* from the *Epos*, so does Mr. *Blaydes* pluck no small shred of tragedy from *Sophocles*. The first things that strike us on opening the volume are the asterisks, obelisks, and double dashes which figure in the text. On reference to the Preface, we learn that the asterisks and obelisks indicate either old readings revived or new reading now first adopted, while the double dashes, which at first look like abnormal accents, point to some emendation suggested in the notes. These changes are often not without reason, but we conceive, when the established version is tolerable, and that which is to supersede it is but a possible conjecture, it were better to leave the poet as he stands than shake the student's confidence unnecessarily.

J. R.



CA

II

Histe
Al
La V
XV
Les
de
Histe
La M
(I
Notr
Vie
Les
vie
Le
Vi
Vie
L'Ap
Vie
Ri
Le
Histe
Sa
Mdu
Cl
Elis
l'I
de
Vie
Life
Geol

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY,

50, South Street, Grosvenor Square.

OPEN DAILY FROM HALF-PAST TEN TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

TERMS.

I. For Subscribers who pay in advance :

Two Shillings	1 Vol.	at a time for a Month.
Six Shillings	3 Vols.	" for One Quarter.
	or 1 Vol.	" for Half a Year.
Half a Guinea	3 Vols.	" for Half a Year.
	or 1 Vol.	" for a Year.
One Guinea	3 Vols.	" for a Year.
	In the Country 4 Vols.	" for a Year.
Five Guineas (for Families in the country or Dépôts in town or country).....	25 Vols.	" for a Year.

II. For Casual Readers who pay in advance :

Three pence—1 Vol. at a time.

III. For all who do not pay in advance :

Six pence for 1 Vol. at a time, and Postage Expenses incurred in recovering Arrears.

Books can be changed every Three Days.

LIST OF THE NEWEST WORKS.

MARCH, 1870

Histoire de l'Abbé de Rancé (2 vols.), par le Abbé Dubois.	The Evidence for the Papacy. The Hon. Colin Lindsay.
La Vie de M ^{me} . Elisabeth, Sœur de Louis XVI. (2 vols.) Beauchesne.	The Visible Unity of the Catholic Church. M. J. Rhodes.
Les Césars du troisième Siècle (3 vols.). Comte de Champigny.	The Blockade. M M. Erchmann Chatrian.
Histoire de Jerusalem (2 vols.). Poujoulat.	The Life of Miss Austen. Austen-Leigh.
La Marquise de Barol, sa Vie et ses Œuvres (1 vol.) M. le Vicomte de Melun.	The Life of Mary Russell Mitford.
Notre Dame de Lourdes (1 vol.). H. Lasserre.	Life and Writings of Rev. A. O'Leary.
Vie de la Mère Emilie (1 vol.).	Memoir of Sir Charles Eastlake. With additional Contributions to the Literature of Art. Lady Eastlake.
Les Péchés de la langue et la jalousie dans la vie des femmes (1 vol.) Mgr. Landriot.	Brittany and its Bye-ways, with some account of its Inhabitants and its Antiquities. Mrs. Henry Palliser.
Le Liban, La Galilée et Rome (1 vol.) Le Vicomte de Basterot.	Mildred. Georgina Craik.
Vie de M ^{me} . Louise de France (2 vols.)	The Seven Curses of London.
L'Apôtre Saint Jean (1 vol.) Abbé Baunard.	Essay towards the Formation of a Grammar of Assent. Dr. Newman.
Vie de Sainte Thérèse (1 vol.) P. Francois de Ribera.	Phincas Finn. A. Trollope.
Le Pere Eudes.	The Hotel du Petit St. Jean.
Histoire de Pie IX., et de son Pontificat. A. Saint Albin.	Patrañas. (Spanish Stories.)
M ^{me} . de Beaucharnais, sa Vie et ses Œuvres Charitables. M. Bouncau. Two vols.	Mrs. Gerald's Niece. Lady Georgiana Fullerton.
Elisabeth Seton et les Commencements de l'Eglise Catholique aux Etats Unis. M ^{me} . de Barbez.	Life of Las Casas. Helps.
Vie de M. Emery.	The Holy Grail. Tennyson.
Life of St. Paula.	Freeman's Norman Conquest.
Geology and Revelation. Rev. G. Molloy.	A Noble Lady. A. Craven.
	Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers. Hosack.
	Savora.ola. The Triumph of the Cross.
	Pilgrimages in the Pyrenées. Lawlor.

THE MONTH.

APRIL, 1870.

CONTENTS.

AUGUSTE COMTE AND HIS PHILOSOPHY. *By Joseph Rickaby, M.A.* Part the Second.

THE RELICS OF OUR LORD'S PASSION AT SANTA CROCE. *By the Very Rev. Monsignor Virtue.*

A LAST COMMUNION IN THE CONCIERGERIE. *By Emily Bowries.*

THE NEW "CHURCH BODY:" ITS PROSPECTS AND ITS DOOM. *By the Rev. W. G. Todd, D.D.*

THE TUTORIAL SYSTEM AT ETON. *By John Walford, M.A.*

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

THE DIALOGUES OF LYDNEY.

Chapter XVI.—An Evening of Stories.

" XVII.—A Letter about Ober-Ammergau.

" XVIII.—Mr. Lillicote's own Story: Wafted Seeds. Chapter I.—Mr. Wilton at home.

A PARLIAMENTARY PAPER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. *By the Rev. J. Morris.*

MR. TENNYSON AND THE "MORTE D'ARTHUR."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE:—

1. Her Majesty's Tower. By Mr. H. Dixon.—2. Mr. H. R. Luard's *Annales Monastici*.—3. Dr. Rönsch on the *Itala* and *Vulgata*.—4. The Life of St. Teresa.—5. The Liturgical Year.—6. Hester's History.—7. Lectures on the Œcumenical Council. By Father Sweeney.—8. Mr. Thompson's Life of St. Stanislas Kostka.—9. Father St. Jure's Treatise on the Knowledge and Love of our Lord Jesus Christ.—10. *Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus*.

BIBLIOTHECA CLASSICA. *By Joseph Rickaby, M.A.*

All Advertisements to be sent to the Office, 50, South Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

* * * *The Eleven Volumes forming the First Series of the MONTH may now be had, in Cloth, price £4 8s. A few copies only remain.*

Single Volumes can be had separately (except Vols. I., III., and IV.), price 8s. a Volume. Covers for Binding can also be had at the Publishers, price 2s.

art

72.

77.

lr.

77.

es

st.

on

fe

ge

la

r

H

d

e